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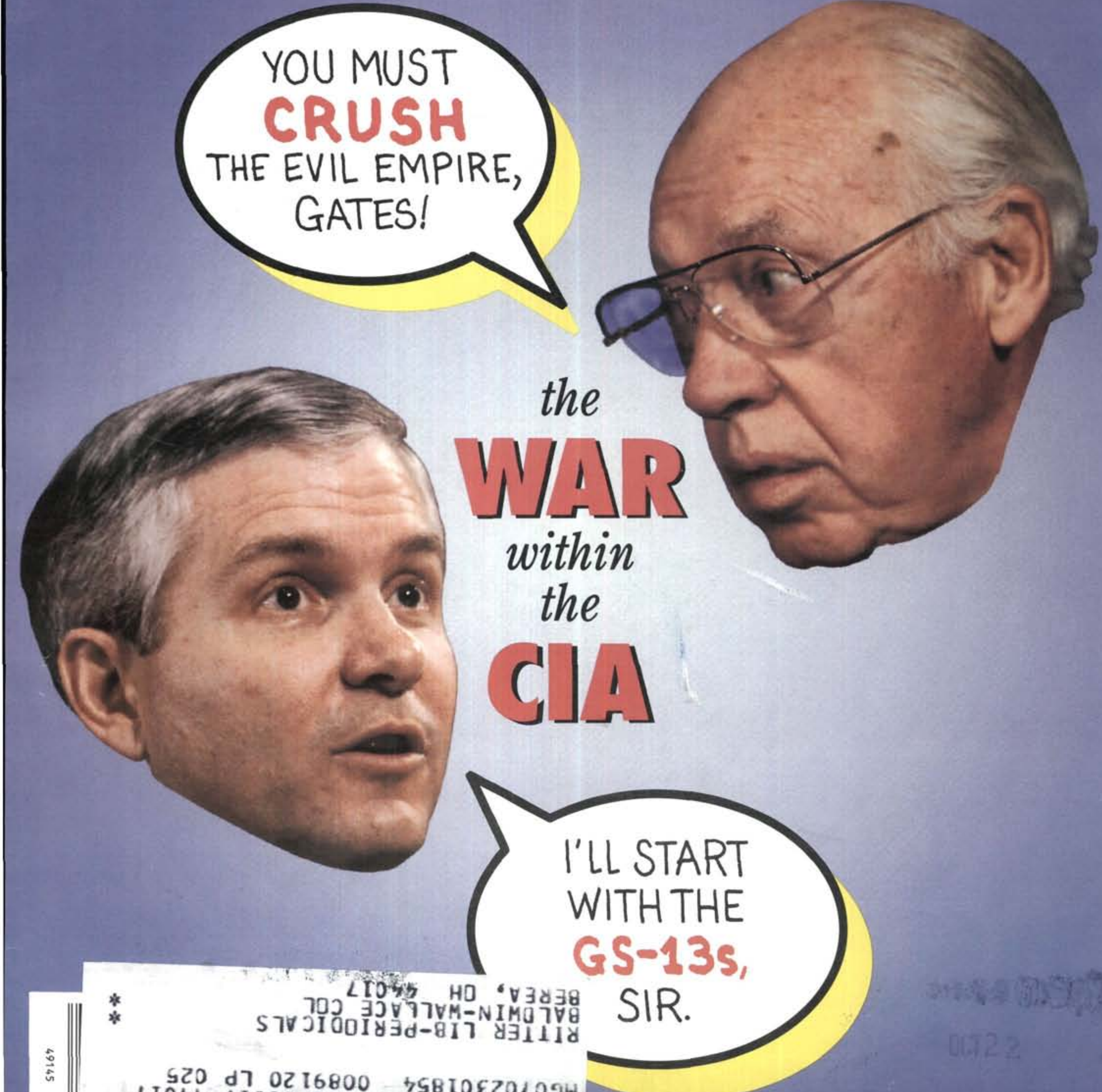
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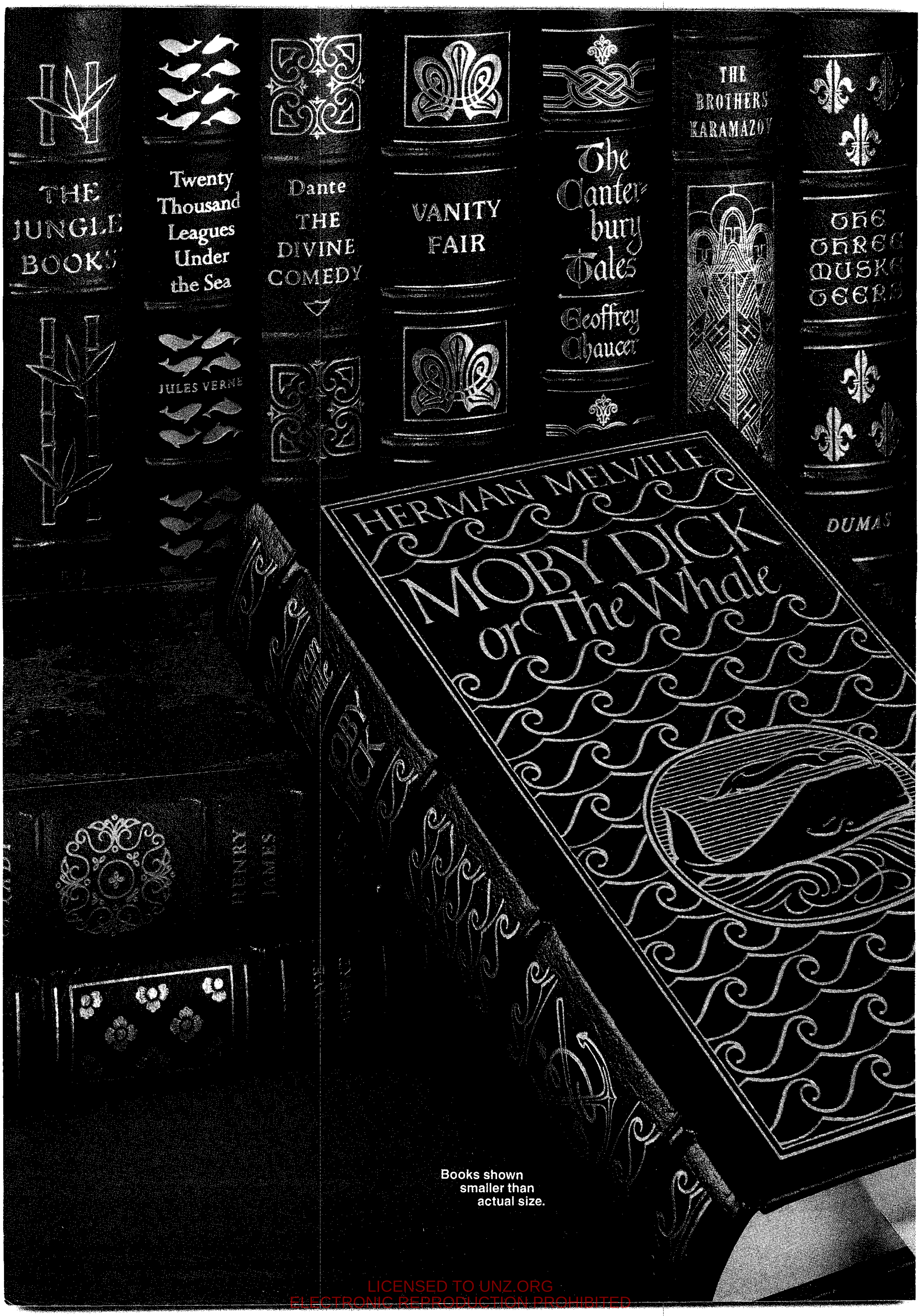
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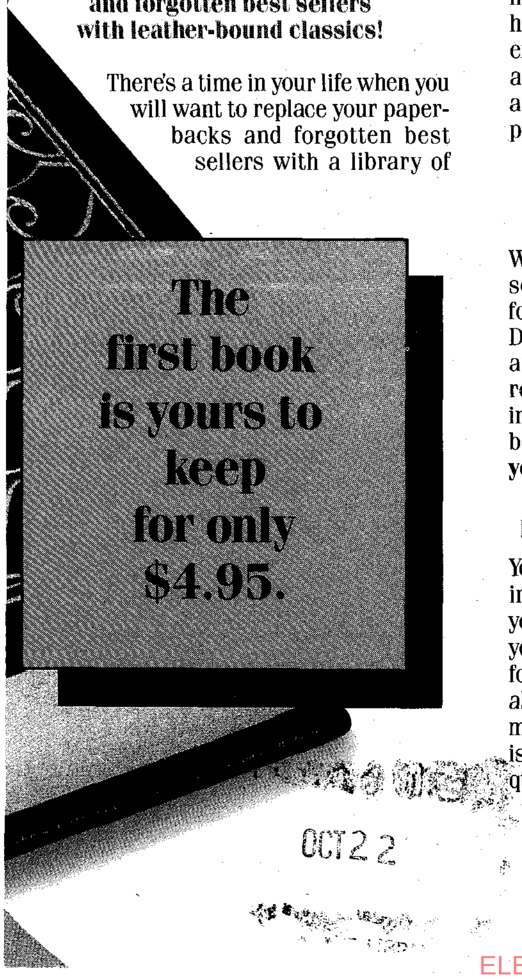

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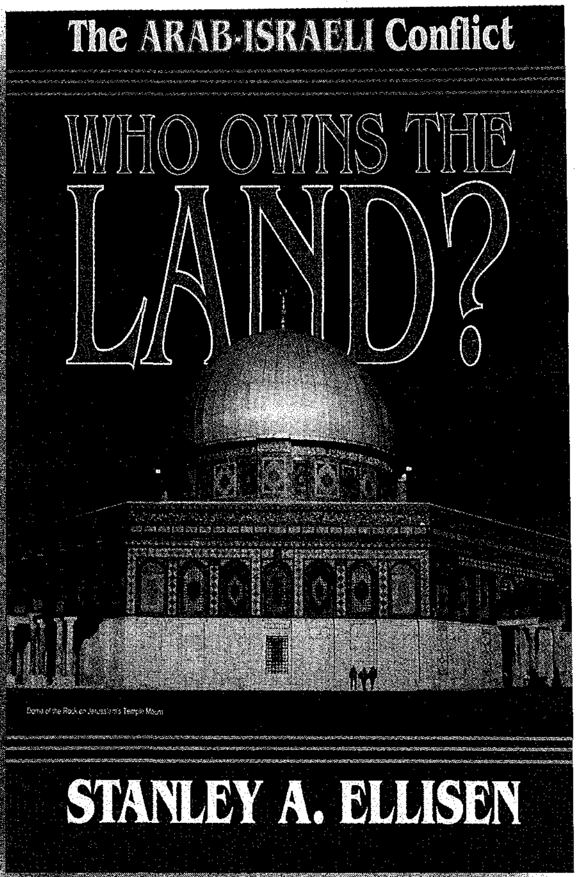

The ARAB-ISRAELI Conflict

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LETTERS

Cultural Diversity

I know full well that what's happening now, where cultural policy is concerned, will have direct and indirect impacts on my school. Which is why I must comment on what I see as some questionable assumptions in Samuel Lipman's otherwise well-reasoned article ["Can We Save Culture?" Aug. 26].

The root of these misconceptions is the notion that "the Left's takeover" is complete and the conservative task commensurately enormous.

Our course offerings in such nationally publicized hotbeds of strife as English and history don't include a single offering that couldn't have appeared in my own college's catalogue when I was an undergraduate (1955–59), with the exceptions of Afro-American Literature, Gender and Literature, Crisis or Conspiracy?, A History of the International Politics of Oil, Women in European History, History of Soviet Intelligence Services, Afro-American History, Making and Breaking the Welfare State, and History of Women in America.

I don't for a moment imagine that George Washington is unique in this respect. What I've said is probably true of 95 per cent or 98 per cent of this country's generally hard-working universities, the ones without whose training our work force wouldn't be internationally competitive at all.

Surely those universities do not deserve to be reflexively lumped, as Mr. Lipman implicitly lumps them, with eternal "headline grabbers" like Harvard, Stanford, and Dartmouth.

One additional point. Mr. Lipman wonders why conservative Americans don't share the Left's ability to grasp the ways in which "culture shapes our lives and affects every action." Might that be because conservatives, including Mr. Lipman, so easily equate Tradition with Traditionalism? Western culture seems to have a unique talent for making those exposed to it uncomfortable—and that includes both its Judaeo-Christian and its Graeco-Roman roots.

Could it be, therefore, that conservatives who see culture as in any simple way supportive of "family values" mirror the equally mistaken attitudes of those inclined to see it as nothing but programmatic political manipulation on behalf of patriarchy or political oppression?

Stephen Joel Trachtenberg
President
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

Perspectives on Law

Ernest van den Haag treats interpretations of natural law as if they were the natural law itself ["Not above the Law," Oct. 7]. In his sentence, "It [natural law] supplies dubious arguments to both sides" on slavery, capital punishment, et al., the "it" need refer to nothing more than one interpretation of natural law, as opposed to another interpretation. Moreover, there is good reason so to restrict that "it." Any natural-law theorist will concede that there are conflicting interpretations of natural law—not to mention that many also believe that our knowledge of the law's content is incomplete. But none will concede van den Haag's point that the natural law itself supports conflicting interpretations.

Mr. van den Haag also claims or implies that: 1) human freedom is inconsistent with natural *law*; 2) natural law's precriptions are nearly meaningless for non-believers ("Without God . . . We can live or commit suicide; we can murder our children or not . . ."); and 3) "nature makes all this [evil] possible."

As to 1): The Stoic version of natural law does see a conflict between law and freedom. Few other interpretations do, and it is the most impressive one that does. The conflict in Stoicism, however, is not radical.

Granted, as to 2) and 3): human beings in this historic era are capable of committing moral atrocities. But van den Haag's claim that "nature makes this possible" does not translate into something like this: slavery or homicide conforms to nature. (What could it mean that homicide conforms to nature? Is it natural to have your innocent life directly, intentionally taken?) In other words, van den Haag's "nature makes this possible" idea says nothing against nature as a normative principle. In fact, his nature-makes-evil-possible thesis is too indeterminate to mean much of anything. From what van den Haag has written, one could also infer that God makes evil possible. Yet van den Haag actually believes that in a stoutly theistic morality, the evils that nature makes possible are not possible. God, however, has in fact permitted all manner of atrocity to be committed by those who believe in His word. He makes evil possible at least in the sense that He allows it. From this, it does not follow that God approves evil. To return, then, to nature: that our nature contains freedom surely makes evil possible. Yet it does not follow that nature does not proscribe evil. Nature does not make evil possible by not proscribing it. But van den Haag implies that non-sequitur.

D. T. Asselin
Hillsdale, Mich.

Mr. Asselin fervently denies "that the natural law itself supports conflicting interpretations." However, he "will concede that there are conflicting interpretations of natural law." At any rate, "natural law" simply cannot determine whether slavery, etc. are licit or not, since natural law can be interpreted either way. Positive law, too, is not always clear and determinate; however, unlike natural law, it is written and determinate most of the time, e.g., on slavery. And it is authoritatively interpreted by courts.

Contrary to Mr. Asselin, I did not claim, or imply, that human freedom is inconsistent with natural law. I do not know where he got this bizarre notion. Not from what I wrote.

Nor, finally, did I assert that "homicide conforms to nature." To be sure, nature makes it possible—otherwise we would not need to prohibit it. Mr. Asselin is right in writing that "God makes evil possible" but does not approve of it. Scripture tells us of His disapproval. God, by definition, has the authority to prescribe and proscribe. There is no scripture indicating nature's will. If there were, why should we grant it normative authority independent of God? In a secular society, normative natural law, even if it were determinate and knowable, would not be authoritative. —EvdH

Correct Title

In his otherwise excellent piece on the recent book by Linda Chavez, Allen Randolph refers to her as a "former U.S. Treasurer" ["Right Books," Oct. 7]. Mrs. Chavez never served in that position. She was the Executive Director for the U.S. Civil Rights Commission during the Reagan years.

Rick Gentile
South Easton, Mass.

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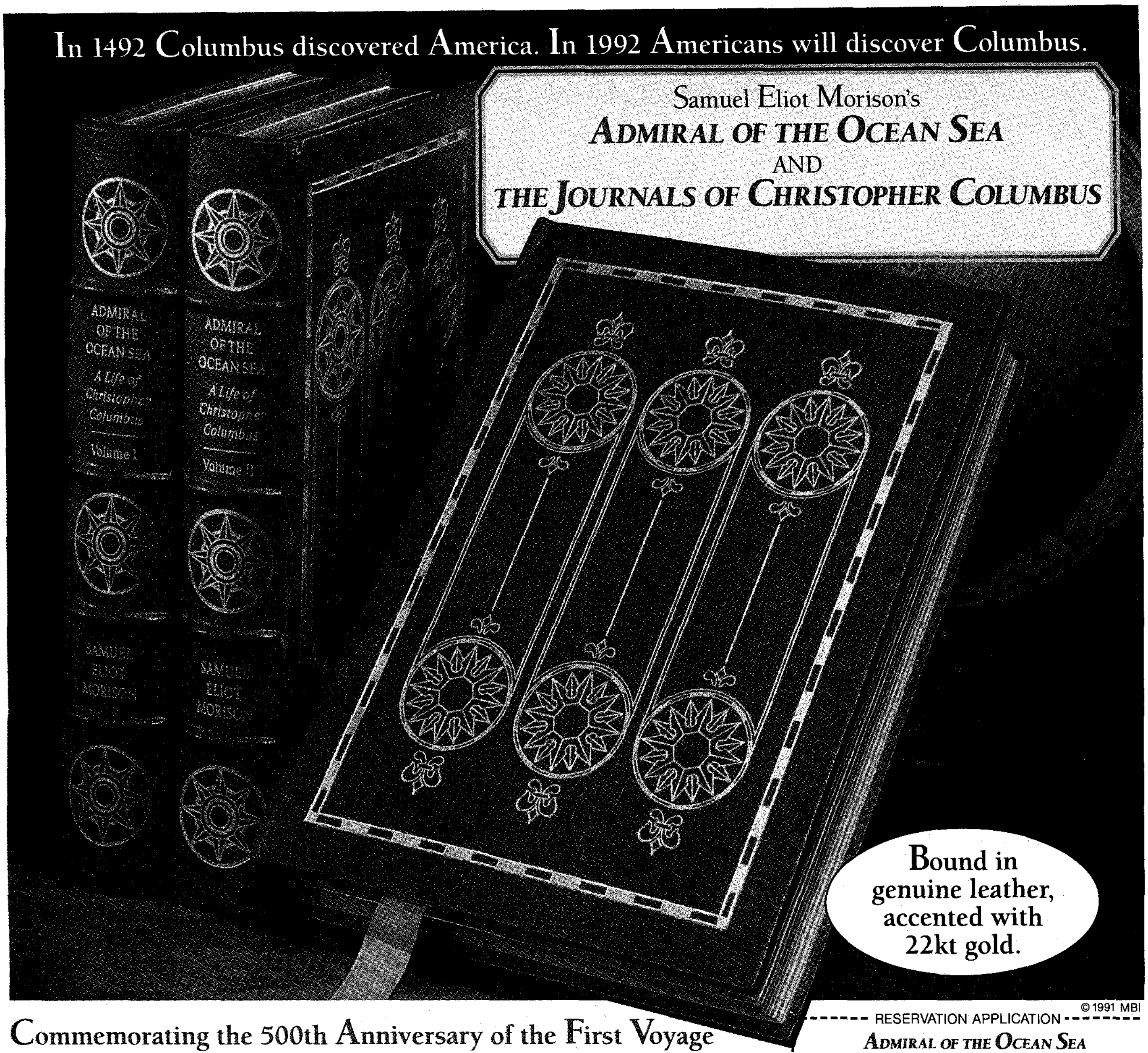

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FROM THE EDITOR

The Black Man's Burden

■ My grandparents ran a pub on Liverpool's Dock Road in the years leading up to the First World War. Occasionally my grandmother served behind the bar. It was a rough area, but according to family tradition, on only one occasion did anyone make even an off-color remark in her presence.

And when that happened, the regulars took the man aside and gave him a quiet talking to. He returned to the bar and apologized.

If sexual harassment could be held to such a modest level on the Liverpool dockside before 1914, what has happened since to make it such a clear and present danger?

One answer is that its prevalence has been much exaggerated by social workers who see a child molester in every father, by feminists who see a rapist in every date, and by lesbians who see a rival in every man.

But a real increase has probably taken place too, and that can be traced in part to the changed status and behavior of women. As one woman writer has already pointed out, women cannot be the hard-boiled reporter charging into the men's locker room one moment and then, at the first wolf whistle, expect to be treated as a consumptive Victorian heroine.

If women abandon modesty and spurn male protectiveness, they will be exposed to the rougher side of male sexual chat. Most women, reasonably enough, will not like it.

But they should reflect that the feminists who now rush to protect them with ham-fisted legal regulations (see Barbara Amiel's editorial in "The Week") are the very people who broke down the sensitive social protection offered women by the traditional chivalric respect for the female sex.

■ Several readers have joined my colleague William Bennett in objecting to the advertisement from the Drug Policy Foundation which announced an award to Milton Friedman for his advocacy of drug legalization. Their assumption was that *NR*'s publication of an ad implies approval of its contents. That is not so.

NATIONAL REVIEW publishes ads if they are neither obscene, nor outside the boundaries of respectable public debate (as defined by us), nor direct incitements to immoral, criminal, or dangerous behavior. It follows that we sometimes publish ads that run counter to our editorial policy.

But if one should seem acutely incompatible with our viewpoint—hypothetically, a "Republicans for Choice" ad—we would reply to its arguments in an editorial. And we would warn the advertiser.

The DPF's ad raises another problem. Mr. Friedman is a good friend, and drug legalization a position he shares with our Editor-at-Large. *NR* considers it a legitimate contribution to debate without endorsing it. Mr. Bennett is hotly opposed. To deal with such family quarrels in future, Senior Editors will enjoy "The Open Question" right of reply previously available to them on editorials.

■ When Senators Simon and Metzenbaum praised Miss Hill for drawing attention to the national epidemic of sexual harassment, that was politics, however low, however damaging to Judge Thomas. But when Senator Kennedy joined in the praise, a more ominous note of Judgment could be heard. As always Kipling supplied the right words:

Thou mirror of uprightness,
  What ails thee at thy vows?
What means the risen whiteness
  Of the skin between thy brows?
The boils that shine and burrow,
  The sores that slough and breed—
The leprosy of Naaman
  On thee and all thy seed?
    Stand up, stand up, Gehazi,
      Draw close thy robe and go,
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—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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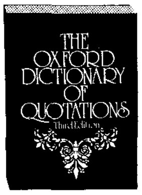
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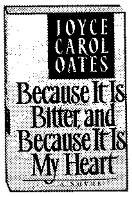
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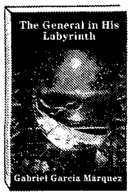
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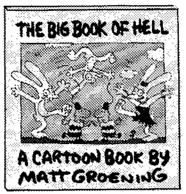
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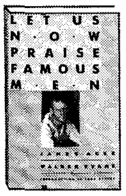
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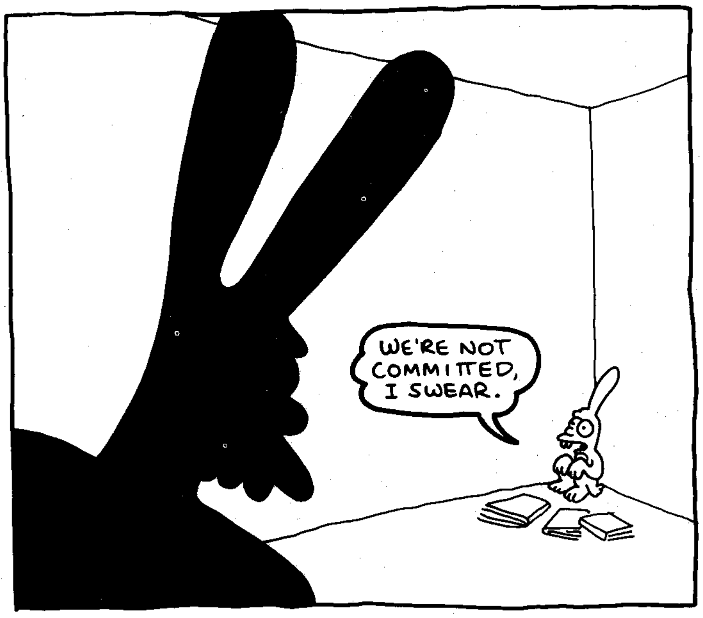
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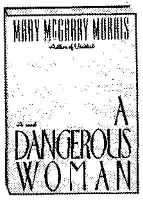
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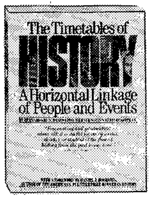
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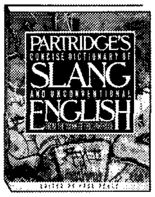
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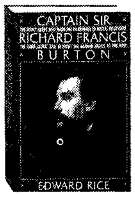
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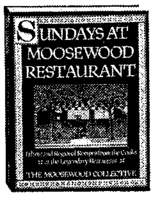
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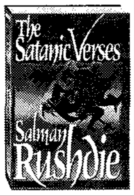
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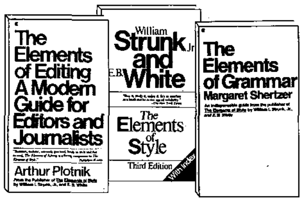
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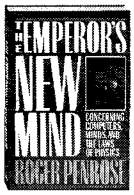
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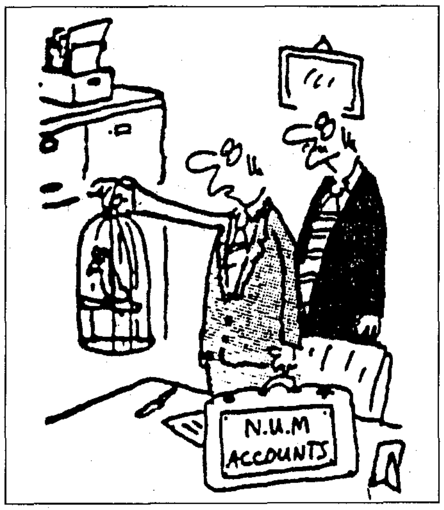
FOR THE RECORD

■ Gathering force, from sea to shining sea, a rolling tide of anti-tax, anti-government sentiment. Who are the most unpopular governors in the nation? It's close, but the top three are a Democrat, a Republican, an Independent, alike in that they are all big spenders. New Jersey's **James Florio**, who rammed through a $2.8-billion tax increase last year, is the most unpopular. Florio's approval rate is just 22 per cent. Connecticut's independent Gov. **Lowell Weicker**, who rammed through a loathed income tax, has approval rating of just 27 per cent. (Last week 1 per cent of the state's 3.3 million people turned out for an anti-income-tax rally in Hartford where Republican state Sen. **Louis DeLuca** commented: "If we could tax arrogance, we could balance the budget on [Weicker] alone.") And a recent California **Mervin Field** poll shows 33 per cent of Californians think Republican Gov. **Pete Wilson** is doing a poor job, largely because he signed into law a $7-billion tax increase. . . . *New York Times*/CBS News poll indicates 83 per cent of Americans think congressmen who bounced checks in the House Bank did so knowingly, and because they thought they could get away with it. Among the bouncers are leaders of both parties: Speaker **Tom Foley** and Majority Leader **Richard Gephardt**, among Democrats, and Minority Whip **Newt Gingrich** among Republicans. . . . A poll a year ago on limiting congressmen and senators to 12 years in office was approved by 56 per cent of voters. That was before the House banking scandal, the House restaurant and fixed-parking-ticket scandal, and the Roman-circus handling of **Clarence Thomas** nomination. . . . This could sting. Two freshmen GOP congressmen, **Scott Klug** (Wisc.) and **John Boehner** (Ohio), have introduced a bill to bring the House and Senate under the 1966 Freedom of Information Act which applies now only to the Executive branch. . . . The *New York Times*, in story on congressional corruption, got this comment from retired Louisiana barber: "They [congressmen] are so crooked you're going to have to screw them in the ground when they die."

■ Cleft Stick Dept. First **George Bush** became the successful War President. Now with his disarmament proposals he's become the Peace President, a feat, says *Christian Science Monitor* Washington correspondent **Godfrey Sperling**, that makes him "a formidable if not unbeatable candidate." . . . For Democrats the woeful news mounts. For first time since WWII more Americans (69 per cent) approve of the Republican Party than the Democratic Party (63 per cent). . . . Recent poll of Democrats shows only 43 per cent think the Dems can win the Presidency in 1992, down seven points from August. . . . Former Democratic National Chairman **John White** says rules governing Democratic presidential selection preclude nomination of a centrist candidate who could run well. After Democrats are "smashed" by Bush next year, White says, they may come to their senses and change their electoral ground rules. . . . U. of South Carolina political analyst **Earl Black** says GOP has lock on 11 states of the old Confederacy. . . . And it will stay that way, adds Southern pollster **Claibourne Darden Jr.** until the Democrats win back the "Bubba" vote. "Bubba," he says, "is a high-school graduate, blue-collar or lower white collar. He rides around in a pickup truck with a gun in the back window. He's in construction, farming, factory, forestry or he's an electrician, plumber, mechanic. And right now Bubba loves George Bush." . . . Desperation of Democrats is reflected in this year's just-announced 1992 candidacy of former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** and in efforts to draft **Ralph Nader**. **Mario Cuomo**, who could turn a rout into a race, held another "yes—I might, no—I won't" talk with press last week.



"It faints at the first whiff of financial scandal."

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

■ Activists at work: Former *Ramparts* editor **David Horowitz**—now very much a conservative—has set up the American Forum to bring together conservative actors, directors, and producers in Hollywood to counter leftist trends in movies and TV. . . . Former drug czar (and *NR* Senior Editor) **William Bennett** has formed Catholic Campaign for America to oppose current tide of Catholic-bashing by gays and the media. Among its advisors are former ambassador to the Vatican **William A. Wilson**, **Mary Ellen Bork** (Mrs. Robert), and former New York Gov. **Hugh Carey**. . . . **Pat Buchanan** is talking about a new America First Committee to oppose the influence in foreign policy of "think-tank thumbsuckers, and ex-government officials desperate to get back into the globaloney game." . . . On the Left, NOW (National Organization for Women) will meet in June to decide whether to accept the recommendation of its Commission for Responsible Democracy and form a third party "dedicated to equality, social and economic justice, demilitarization, and a healthy environment." NOW finds the Democratic Party insufficiently progressive.

■ Not too long ago an inquisitive pair of American tourists poked into a derelict church in Moscow, just across from the U.S. embassy. They opened a door and discovered four KGB men busy with earphones and recording equipment. Wags at the embassy have renamed the church Our Lady of Perpetual Surveillance.

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THE WEEK

■ The Democrats are perhaps not as fanatically dedicated to privacy rights as we had thought.

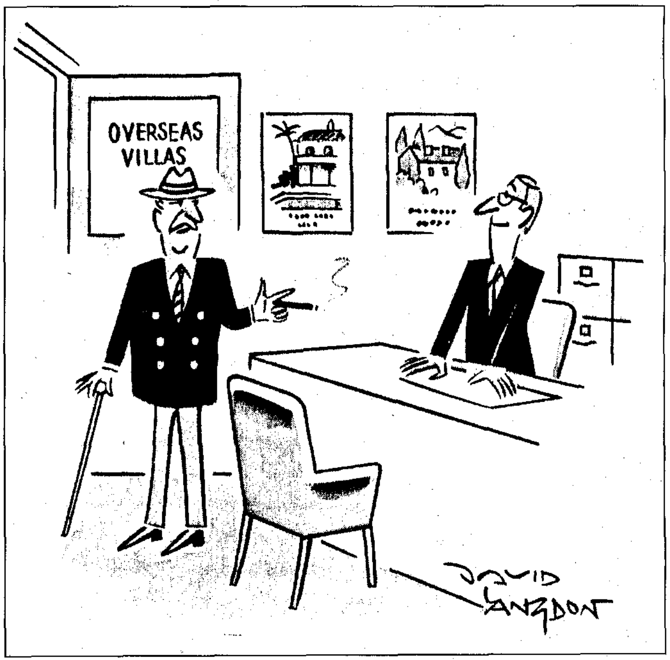
■ Clarence Thomas is black; Yale Law School had an affirmative-action program when he was admitted; therefore he benefited from affirmative action, and he's a hypocrite to oppose it. So said Judge Thomas's critics, neatly demonstrating how affirmative action, by fostering the venomous assumption that every black is less qualified than every white, devalues genuine black achievement.

■ Profile in Courage #3,621. Democratic presidential wannabe Senator Bob Kerrey (Neb.) is this month's nominee. In the recent Senate vote on two measures—gutting funding for the B-2 and SDI and the Patriot and Arrow missiles—Mr. Kerrey abstained. Not that he was away, mind you: the *Political Hotline* reported that the honorable gentleman from Nebraska was indeed in Washington that day. This was particularly egregious, inasmuch as his vote in the latter case would have made it 50 to 50; with Vice President Quayle casting the deciding vote, it would have turned it the other way. Not exactly presidential leadership. But a very good recommendation for the Democratic nomination.

■ California Governor Pete Wilson vetoed a bill proposing to use the power of the state to root out job discrimination against homosexuals. He wanted to blunt conservative challenges to John Seymour, the cream-of-wheat moderate whom Wilson elevated to the Senate, and who must face the voters next year. He also wanted to build up credits with conservatives for his own presidential run five years down the road. But all the vetoes in the world would not have allayed conservative rage at Wilson's greatest debacle so far this year, an $7-billion tax hike he forced through the legislature with Democratic support. At the same time, homosexual activists, who had counted Wilson as a friend, have declared war. "You are the enemy," a spokesman for Queer Nation declared, which may be the only useful testimonial Wilson has gotten out of the affair. The moral, for Wilson and all Republican wafflers: When everything is for sale, no one wants to buy.

■ At lunch in his office with reporters, Dan Quayle said the Administration will step up its campaign for congressional term limits, "an idea whose time is long overdue." He was speaking between the public furor over congressional check-bouncing and lunch-tab welshing and the public disgust with the obscenity of the Thomas hearings. The bounced checks at the House bank actually didn't cost taxpayers a dime, but it epitomized the privileges of a body that keeps imposing new rules on the rest of us while exempting itself from ordinary rules of conduct. During the Thomas hearings it transpired, to nobody's surprise, that congressmen can't be charged with the crime of sexual harassment, either. If the Administration really wants term limits, it will find the American people receptive to the idea that no citizen should be allowed to live lawlessly for more than, say, eight years.

■ In a *Washington Post* Style section tribute to NPR's Nina Totenberg—"The Reporter Who Got the Anita Hill Scoop"—writer Howard Kurtz tells all about Nina's latest triumph. But we learn only in passing that before Miss Totenberg made a career of ruining the careers of other people—Lino Graglia, Douglas Ginsburg, Robert Bork, Clarence Thomas—she may have been fired from an earlier job at the *National Observer* for plagiarism. Miss Totenberg says she left after "sexual harassment" and "that's all I'm going to say." And there the matter is left. Advice to Mr. Kurtz: What you do when your subject clams up is find *other* sources. First, get the name of the then-editor of the *National Observer* (try the library), and then ask why he dismissed Miss Totenberg, what these charges of sexual harassment are all about, etc. Then ask for *evidence*—her article and the material she supposedly copied. The truth must



"Let me know the moment any Black Sea dachas come on the market."

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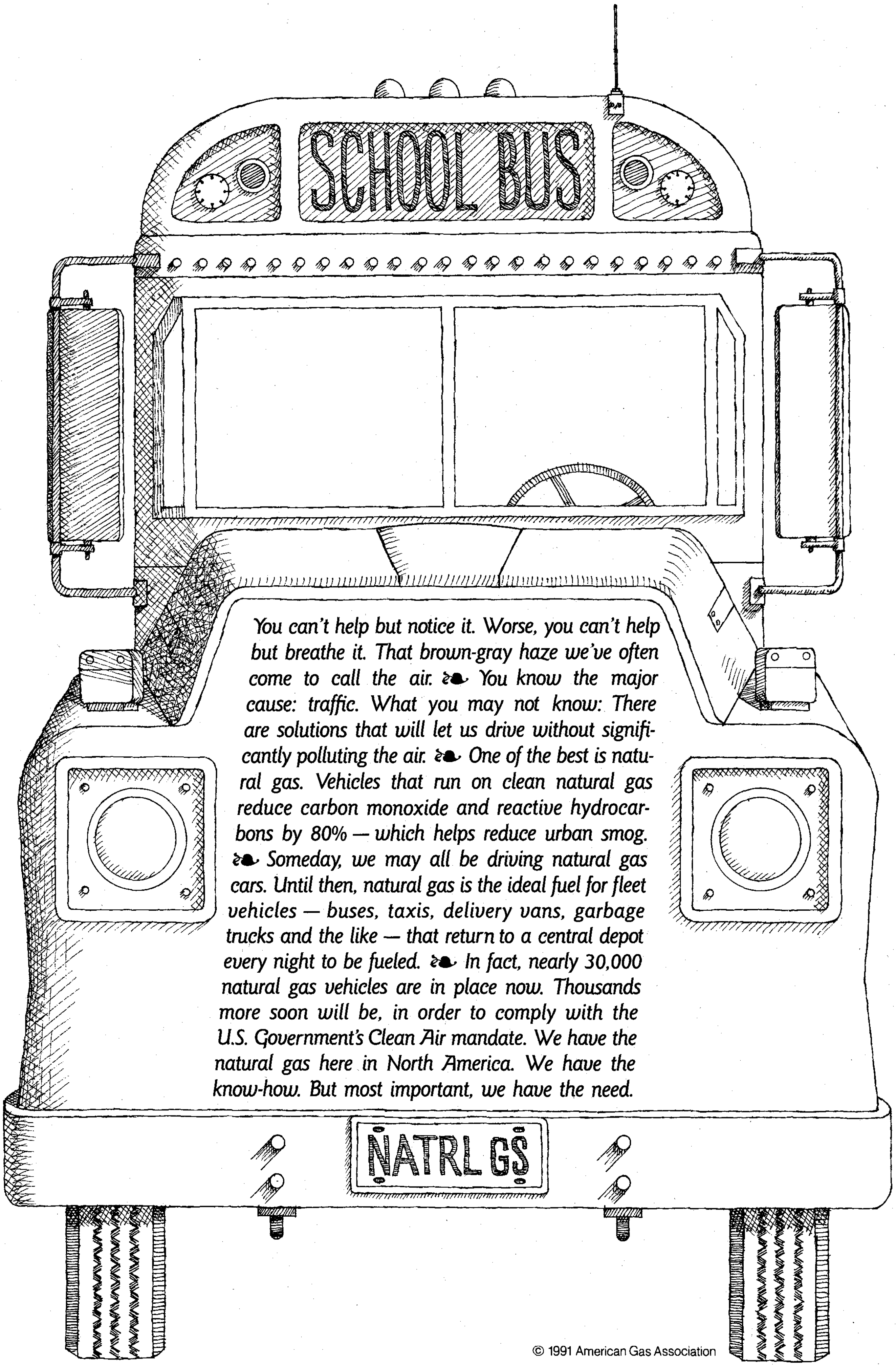

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out. Miss Totenberg's own standards require no less.

■ With Angola's 16-year-old civil war ended and elections tentatively scheduled for September 1992, the leaders of both sides—Eduardo Dos Santos of the Marxist MPLA, and Jonas Savimbi of UNITA—have come to Europe and the United States to talk to governments, the UN, reporters, and putative investors. Savimbi was in the U.S. last week, and said that were it not for "the dynamic foreign policy of the United States [under Reagan and Bush], maybe we would not have peace in Angola." He admitted it was easier to talk about a market economy than to establish one, but spoke persuasively about the importance of true competition, the dangers of guaranteeing producers a certain price, the need for infrastructure to lure foreign investors ("they will not want to do business in Luada if they cannot phone or fax their home office"). What Savimbi is requesting of the American government is that it hold a watching brief, and warn the MPLA that if it tries to delay elections it will not receive the foreign support it needs. Dos Santos, the current MPLA leader, is to Angola as Mikhail Gorbachev was to the Soviet Union: the man who is trying to undo part of the work of his predecessors. Like Gorbachev, he may need more encouragement in that direction than he really wants.

■ *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.* Clarence Thomas has been hanged for allegedly talking about what Martin Luther King indisputably did.

Senatorial Harassment

ANITA HILL'S implausible charges, which senator after senator obsequiously thanked her for making, have apparently made her a star. On the afternoon before the Senate vote, she called a peculiar "press conference" at which no facts were imparted and no questions taken, apparently for the sole purpose of basking in her new celebrity. Glowing with a self-confident exultation, fresh from the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, she was the new national postergirl for sexual harassment. Her testimony may have been hard to square with either Judge Thomas's hyper-proper demeanor or her own conduct toward him over the years, but it was perfectly pitched to the ideological constituency she served and won.

The Senate as Spectacle

Not since Boadecia, painted blue
Led ancient Brits in battle, who,
Depending on one's sources, cheered
Or, feeling silly, mutineered,
Have men swooned (or been taken ill)
Like those who scanned Professor Hill.

W. H. VON DREELE

Whether you believed Miss Hill depended mostly on whether you subscribed to (or were cowed by) the feminist mythology according to which even the most innocuous-seeming male is a rapist at heart and a presumptive harasser. Indeed, "sexual harassment" has joined the lexicon of catch-all concepts, like "racism," that lack clear definition but whose content is supplied by free association. The media provided a chorus of sexual harassment "experts" to comment on the proceedings, all of whom were doctrinaire feminists who shed no light whatsoever on the point at issue: what Clarence Thomas *did*. Their sole function was to create a presumption of guilt against him qua male. Thomas's term, "lynching," was not a bad metaphor for this "process."

Thomas's opponents were right to say this was not a trial in which the guilt of the accused had to be established beyond a reasonable doubt. Still, the uncorroborated and in many ways fishy testimony of a single accuser failed the even more modest standards of probation. The witnesses who "corroborated" it, according to the media, had not in fact been present to witness the alleged offenses and corroborated only the fact that she had made the allegations earlier. Weighed against ample testimony to his integrity, it was plainly insufficient. And weighed against the fact that Miss Hill actually followed her putative tormentor from one job to another and carefully maintained friendly social relations with him years after she had moved to a job across the country, it verged on the preposterous.

Her explanation that she was unaware of her security at the first job invites the charge of mendacity: *no* civil servant in Washington, let alone a lawyer, can be ignorant of civil-service prerogatives. She evidently felt perfectly safe with Thomas, and found him useful to her career then and long afterward. Had she been telling the truth, she would also have been inadvertently confessing to manipulating Judge Thomas to her own advantage by professing a false friendship. If her testimony was false, she was either in the grip of delusion or prepared to take her manipulation of him to the point of destruction.

Thomas won because he fought back. Stung out of the nervous demeanor that had disappointed even his well-wishers during the earlier hearings, he reacted to the Democrats' October Surprise with profound fury. He directed his rage not against his accuser but against the stage-managers of the "proc-

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ess" who had brought things to this pass, and the public shared his revulsion at the disgusting spectacle of televised libel. The most innocent of men would have been at a severe disadvantage in the circumstances Thomas faced, had he accepted the process as morally legitimate. But Thomas rightly rejected the role of defendant in a show trial.

His experience should prove consciousness-raising. It epitomized the degeneration of "civil rights" not only into race and gender preference policies but into a perverted legality that requires the accused to prove innocence. The costly insights his ordeal has furnished should serve him well on the Court.

Sexual Harassment

SENATOR KENNEDY is assuredly correct that, as a result of the Thomas hearings, the country will never again view sex harassment in quite the same light. Much of the country had its first exposure during these hearings to this quietly burgeoning area of the law and was bewildered by its implications.

There are no laws against sex harassment, in the sense that the representatives of the people have ever debated the intricacies of male–female relationships and proscribed certain forms of conduct. Rather, sex harassment is outlawed because Thomas's old agency, the EEOC, and a few federal judges, have decided that laws that prohibit discrimination on account of sex also prohibit a loosely defined sex harassment. This legal development is the crowning achievement of feminist jurisprudence.

What is feminist jurisprudence? It is a jurisprudence in which women who say yes (but who would have said no but for their acceptance of sexual stereotypes) are treated as the victims of rape. More to the point here, it is a jurisprudence in which crude jokes, flirtations, double entendres, catcalls, men's room graffiti and nude pin-up calendars become the stuff of litigation—or would do if the overwhelming number of sex-harassment suits were not settled prior to trial. Few males in the workplace apparently relish the opportunity to participate in the

GUEST EDITORIAL: FEMINIST HARASSMENT

DID Clarence Thomas tell Anita Hill the size of his penis? When the two of them worked together ten years ago, did he use office time to tell her about his preferences in pornographic films? Would Miss Hill, the youngest of 13 from a dirt-poor black family, ruin the career of Judge Thomas, the prodigal son of another impoverished black family?

These weighty matters were pondered by a Senate committee that includes such stalwarts of the new moral order as Edward Kennedy (Chappaquiddick) and Joseph Biden, the man who plagiarized Neil Kinnock's speech. We will never know whether Judge Thomas or Professor Hill is telling the truth. After watching them give evidence, live and complete on CNN, I defy anyone but the good Lord to say what actually happened between that man and that woman. Which brings me to the core of the matter. Let us assume that every word Professor Hill is saying is true. What on earth does this have to do with Judge Thomas's fitness for the Supreme Court?

As I understand it, feminism notwithstanding, we have not yet made it illegal to discuss sex. Since Professor Hill chose not to complain about the conversations and, indeed, followed Thomas when he changed jobs, it is possible that he did not realize she disliked this sort of chat. If he did what she alleges, we can convict him at worst of bad taste and possibly poor judgment of another person's reactions. Perhaps he is so full of himself that he does not notice the effect of his conversation on others. This may make him a rotten dinner companion, but it has nothing to do with character or fitness for the Supreme Court. What then is this fuss all about?

If we forget the pointless "who is telling the truth" and simply assume Professor Hill is, one can see the real story. Judge Thomas's nomination had infuriated the left-wing lobby. It tried to discredit him by labeling him an "arch-conservative" because of his reservations about affirmative-action policies and a suspicion that he did not favor abortion on demand. Since Thomas's views in these matters concurred with those of about three-quarters of Americans, the block-Thomas campaign failed. The more conservative he was said to be, the more support he was getting.

At this point, someone on the losing side leaked the FBI report on sexual-harassment charges, hoping it would stop the "conservative" Thomas. What needs to be said very loudly to the left-wing/liberal lobby in America is this: If you want a soulmate on the Supreme Court, do it through the ballot box rather than smear tactics. You have no innate right to a political appointment of your choice without first getting a political victory. If you can

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Miss Amiel writes for the Sunday Times *(London),* Maclean's, *and* NR.

kind of witchcraft trials that Thomas has been involved in before the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Insofar as anyone can understand sex-harassment law, a woman does not need to be physically touched to be harassed; she does not need to be denied a job or advancement to be harassed; and she does not even need to be the object of attention herself to be harassed. Those who merely witness harassment can sue on their own behalf and one life-termer on the federal bench has ruled that a woman who was *not* asked for companionship, while others around her *were*, was a victim of harassment.

"Over the next quarter century," declares Harvard Law Professor Laurence Tribe, "feminist legal theory is likely to be the most fertile source of important insights in the law." Having persuaded the Supreme Court in 1986 that a "hostile environment" in the workplace was sufficient to trigger a sex-harassment suit, feminist lawyers have opened the door to legal challenges to labor and management policies, limited only by the creativity of the plaintiff's bar. That gives lawyers virtually free rein. In observing that "it is entirely professional of Anita Hill to attempt to continue a professional relationship with Thomas," a leading feminist law professor, Catharine MacKinnon, managed to rationalize in one fell swoop Hill's failures forcefully to tell Thomas that his advances were displeasing, her continuing relationship with him, and her failure to communicate her grievances to the world for nearly a decade. That, in a nutshell, is the feminist law of evidence—the less the circumstances point to harassment, the more compelling the case that it occurred.

We hold no brief for sex harassment or for crude behavior. But everyone must be concerned about the potential for unfairly destroying reputations contained in what passes for the law today.

Legal Harassment

LAWRENCE WALSH, Washington's Vyshinsky, has bagged another victim, this time a significant one. Elliott Abrams, President Reagan's assistant secretary of state for inter-Ameri-

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elect a President who reflects your views, then, you will be able to have Supreme Court nominees who reflect your views.

One wondered, after the defeat of Communism, where the totalitarian impulse would next emerge. My bet was on the feminist movement or environmentalism, and sure enough we can see it in the kangaroo trial of Clarence Thomas, who had no due process of law to protect him.

There is such a thing as sexual harassment in the workplace. It involves a person demanding sexual favors in return for job security or promotion. That is extortion. But that is a far cry from the charges against Judge Thomas. If he had appealed to Professor Hill's idea of an interesting man, his requests for a date would have been pleasurable, not abominable. His conversation might have been teasing, not revolting. As it was, Professor Hill tolerated the alleged conversations because, she says, they guaranteed her job. If she had been promoted, would the conversations have been okay or totally forgotten? And if an action can be legal when performed by someone I think is attractive and a crime when performed by someone who is unappealing, well, the mote is in thine own eye, isn't it?

I was amused to see an executive of a large U.S. oil company commenting on the Thomas affair with the rueful remark: "Corporate America has had to put up with this, why shouldn't Washington?" In the feminist Salem that the corporate American workplace has become, men and women must relate to one another like humanoids. Take this sequence from a training video depicting the horror of sexual harassment:

Woman (at a photocopying machine): "Sorry, I'll be out of your way in a second."

Man (leaning on counter): "Take your time. I'm enjoying the view."

Who, but disturbed human beings, would see this as sexual harassment? The answer came from a female attorney on CNN. "We must," she said after viewing the video approvingly, "make the response on the reasonable woman's behavioral standard, not the reasonable man's." What she really meant, of course, was that the response of the pathologically neurotic woman has become the standard.

Extreme feminism is now a state religion in America. People are being disentitled to their own sexuality, which, in the case of men, allows them to initiate courtship, make compliments—and the occasional pass. This all goes fundamentally against a free society, but that, one fears, may be part of the feminists' agenda as they rearrange social structures. Meanwhile, about the only relevant argument Professor Hill might have made was that anyone crazy enough to ask her out is not fit to be a Supreme Court Justice.

—BARBARA AMIEL

can affairs, pleaded guilty to two misdemeanor charges of misleading Congress about secret support for the Nicaraguan resistance. Abrams, who awaits sentencing after this plea bargain, must show remorse and refrain from criticizing Walsh's mad prosecution. We are under no such constraint.

As *NR* never tires of repeating, Walsh's achievement in nabbing CIA and State Department actors is of peripheral significance to Iran–Contra, which was entirely a White House/NSC operation. Appeal courts have liberated Oliver North from Walsh's clutches, and Admiral Poindexter will soon be free as well. The other actors were involuntarily and only tangentially involved. Yet, with the five-year statute of limitations about to expire, Walsh desperately needs victims.

In Abrams's case, the charges were amazingly flimsy and his conduct honorable, as vouched for by his superiors at State. One count to which he succumbed concerned his withholding of information about soliciting financial help from the Sultan of Brunei. This solicitation was, of course, totally legal,

RIGHT DATA

Punitive Damages

VICE PRESIDENT Dan Quayle this summer questioned whether the nation really needs 730,000 lawyers—70 per cent of the world's total—or 18 million new civil cases each year—one case for every ten adult Americans. He may have had the economy in mind.

A study conducted by University of Texas finance professor Stephen P. Magee found that predatory litigation reduced GNP by 10 per cent below its potential during the 1980s—a cost of about $1 million per lawyer. Only a fraction of this—some $80 billion—reflects legal fees, damage awards, and higher liability-insurance premiums. Most of the costs are indirect: the time wasted fighting spurious claims; the loss of potential engineers, doctors, and scientists to the legal profession; and the withholding of new products or technology from the marketplace to minimize legal exposure. The "tort tax" allegedly accounts for about 30 per cent of the price of a stepladder and 95 per cent of the price of childhood vaccines.

THE CASE OF LAWYERS v. PRODUCTIVITY

	Lawyers per 100,000 Population	Scientists & Engineers per Lawyer	Output per Hour (Avg. Ann. Growth, 1973–1990)
Japan	11	115.5	4.4%
UK	82	14.5	3.3
Germany	111	9.1	2.8
U.S.	281	4.8	2.5

Surprisingly enough, scientists and engineers outnumber lawyers 4.8 to 1 in the U.S. In other nations—especially Japan—the ratio is considerably higher, as is economic productivity as measured by the increase in output per hour.

It's absurd to blame our sub-par productivity growth solely on a surfeit of lawyers. However, Magee's study found a universal tendency for economic growth to be negatively related to lawyers. At one extreme are Japan, Hong Kong, and Singapore—countries where lawyers comprise less than 1 per cent of the workforce. At the other extreme in his sample of 24 countries were Chile, Uruguay, and the U.S.—nations where lawyers account for nearly 5 per cent of white-collar workers, and where per-capita GNP grew at less than 2 per cent per annum between 1960 and 1985.

The legal profession has become increasingly engaged in redistributing property and income rather than protecting it. Punitive-damage awards are fingered by the White House Council on Competitiveness as a prime suspect. Once limited to cases of criminal intent, awards that exceed actual damages are now routinely bestowed in negligence and lesser civil cases. A survey of 24,000 jury trials found that the average award increased (in constant dollars) from $43,000 in the period from 1965 to 1969, to $729,000 in the years between 1980 and 1984—a jump of 1,500 per cent.

Pre-trial discovery, in which lawyers request obscene amounts of documents from the other side, has become a thinly disguised form of economic terrorism, forcing the less well endowed party to end the proceedings. One result is that when jury awards are made, the lawyers are the big winners: successful claimants receive only 15 per cent of litigation costs. To stymie these abuses the Council proposes that the initial round of discovery be "free," punitive awards be capped, and losers in certain suits pay the costs incurred by the winner. Magee proposes that a 20 per cent federal tax be imposed on the "excessive claims" of predatory claimants.

The prospects for reform are not good. About 42 per cent of the House, 62 per cent of the Senate, and an overwhelming majority of the judiciary are attorneys. —ED RUBENSTEIN

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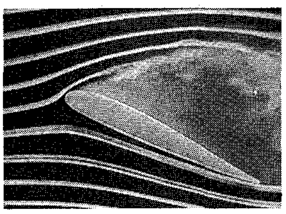

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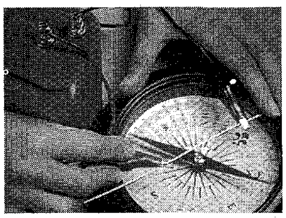

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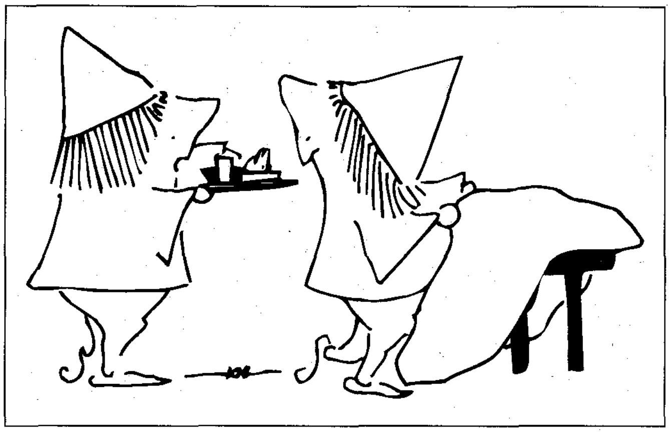
and both the solicitation itself and the decision to keep it secret were made by that arch-criminal George Shultz. Abrams, after the testimony in question, consulted counsel at State and *volunteered* a correction of the record shortly afterward. On the other count, Abrams tried legitimately to distance himself and his department from the Hasenfus fiasco, for which they bore no responsibility.

Lawrence Walsh's great contribution to our constitutional law is the lowering of standards of due process. With no financial constraints on his activities, he can pursue flimsy cases to his heart's content. And he has lowered his standard of proof by which targets can be trapped. Instead of proof of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, Walsh has needed only to sow enough evidentiary confusion to create a credible possibility that a Washington, D.C., jury might convict. A potential defendant, no matter how innocent, faces an ordeal—a trial and appeal process costing over a million dollars—with an unsure outcome. It's blackmail, pure and simple.

There can be no doubt that the pursuit of Elliott Abrams, in particular, was driven by political animus. Abrams—brilliant, gutsy, and combative—was the principal architect of the Reagan strategy that, in the end, saved Central America from Communism. This policy was not fashionable in the social circles that Walsh and his yuppie staffers-on-the-make inhabit. One of his aides is rumored to be planning a political career, using his prosecutorial heroics as a launching pad. Young Toobin, the lawyer who betrayed Walsh by writing a book after he left the staff, let the cat out of the bag: The Walsh team, determined to nail Elliott Abrams for perjury, was constantly tortured by frustration at the fact that they didn't have a case! Once they broke Alan Fiers, they felt the evidentiary confusion had grown sufficiently to cross the low threshold for a successful mugging of Abrams.

The policy Abrams championed so honorably has, of course, been totally vindicated in Central America, though this reality takes longer to penetrate the various reaches of our intelligentsia. The Sandinistas were humiliated in a free election; their defeat and Soviet and Cuban weakness have undercut the Salvadoran Communist guerrillas. The peoples of Central America, shielded from the Communist onslaught by a vigorous American policy, were able to choose freedom. That they could do so is due in large measure to Elliott Abrams.



"And I had to tell him, Congressman, we take cash or credit card, but no personal checks or postage stamps."

Building Up/Building Down

Washington built up like mad;
  Jefferson built down,
Leaving Dolly livid as
  Britain burned the town.
Lincoln—moving right along—
  Built up, while today
Congress smells a windfall when
  Navies melt away.

W. H. VON DREELE

Revolting

FROM coast to coast, as demonstrated in "For the Record," taxpayers are in revolt. Again. Pete Wilson, who has just given California its biggest tax increase ever, had to dodge protestors to make a brief speech at his own party's state convention on September 13. Delegates wore mocking "Wilson–Cuomo" buttons and passed a resolution repudiating the tax increase. New Jersey Republicans hope to win control of both houses of the legislature by running against Governor Florio who isn't up for re-election! And in Connecticut, the largest demonstration in the state's history—40,000 protestors—recently gathered in the capital to protest the new income tax. Lowell Weicker was spat on as he waded through the crowd; some representatives have even received death threats.

At the national level, voters are profoundly disgusted with Congress. Revulsion erupted into fury at the news that congressmen have been freely bouncing checks at the House bank and charging lunches without paying for them at the House restaurant—little things, really, that would have no resonance if tempers weren't already high. The Thomas hearings exposed new depths of sordid scheming and sensation-seeking on Capitol Hill. A hot issue, getting hotter, is the idea of term limitations for legislators, including congressmen. George Will, long hostile, has recently embraced it.

All this would be wonderful news for the party of Ronald Reagan: a party of tax cuts and consistent

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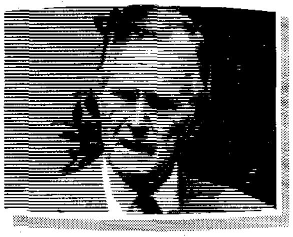
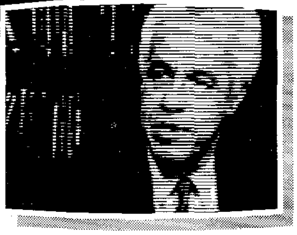




For viewers of C-SPAN's comprehensive public affairs programming, few political leaders vault suddenly into the national spotlight. The emerging democratic and republican presidential candidates—former Senator Paul Tsongas, Governor Doug Wilder, Senators Tom Harkin and Bob Kerrey, Governor Bill Clinton, former Governor Jerry Brown and President George Bush—have appeared on C-SPAN over the years, long before announcing their presidential aspirations.

Long time viewers will remember Paul Tsongas addressing Americans for Democratic Action in 1981. Tom Harkin spoke to the viewers from the House and Senate floors for over a decade. Governor Doug Wilder's election and State of the State address were covered by C-SPAN. Bob Kerrey became a familiar face as both governor and U.S. Senator. Arkansas' Bill Clinton has been part of the National Governors' Association telecast since 1983. Former California Governor Jerry Brown has been a C-SPAN call-in guest. And, George Bush's political career—as a candidate, vice-president and president has been covered extensively throughout our network's 12-year history.

Thanks to cable television, Americans have access to a public affairs "meeting place" where they can come to know and understand the history, the issues, and the candidates—past, present and future.

Events to Look For

OCTOBER 25
Harvard University — JFK School
Debate between RNC Chairman Clay Yeutter and DNC Chairman Ron Brown

NOVEMBER 2
Iowa Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner
Des Moines, Iowa
Speakers: Democratic Presidential Candidates

NOVEMBER 2
New Hampshire Democratic Party Mid-Term Convention — Manchester, New Hampshire
Speakers: Democratic Presidential Candidates

92
ELECTION
C-SPAN

PRIVATELY FUNDED TO SERVE THE PUBLIC BY AMERICA'S CABLE TELEVISION COMPANIES opposition to new encroachments against liberty. Instead, we have the party of George Bush who, even in vetoing the Democrats' race-preference and unemployment benefit bills, feels constrained to offer apologetic "Republican versions" of same. As a great opportunity presents itself, the Republicans must not waste it by being afraid to fight on principles that are, among other things, popular.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Where will the white refugees from South Africa go? They can't move to the suburbs like we did.

Sincerely,
Kenneth C. Black
East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Mr. Black: I suppose they could always move to the Bantustans, and while at it prove that they were right in the first place about what could be done with them? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently it was my pleasure and privilege to renew my subscription. Through this process I acquire a nice collection of books and lend a little help to your good effort. However, I found myself wonderring when my subscription did expire? And further, would I live long enough to enjoy all issues. Do you have any inside dope? In case I should leave this nice place too soon, could you forward all remaining issues?

Thank you,
Bill Ivins
Murrieta, Calif.

Dear Mr. Ivins: Where you're headed, *NR* is exfoliated daily from angels' wings. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I've done a bad thing.

When I spoke to you last year, when you were lunching at The Ballroom, I asked you about an article you'd written for the Yale magazine. You said that you didn't write the one I remembered, wherein I thought you'd advocated Yale firing Wiggin & Dana because they'd taken Draper & Adler as clients.

What I really screwed up on was this: I forgot that I wrote in the UK edition of my autobiography, *It Ain't Necessarily So*, that you *had* written the Yale/Wiggin piece. I should have taken that out for the U.S. edition and I didn't. Grounds for libel if I ever I saw them.

Anyway, my apologies. I'm willing to sit in Macy's window (if there's still a Macy's, do they still have windows and is there honey still for tea?) and proclaim to Moe All and Seymour Sundry that you did *not* write that piece.

Wish I could stop humming, "Won't You Come Home, Bill Buckley."

Kindest regards,
Larry Adler
London, England

[Larry Adler (renowned harmonica player) and Paul Draper (famous dancer) were denounced as party-liners in 1948 by Mrs. Hester McCullough of Greenwich, Connecticut, with the result that a scheduled performance by them was canceled. They sued, retaining the services of Wiggin & Dana of New Haven, also counsel to Yale University. WFB was chairman of the *Yale Daily News* and sided with Mrs. McCullough. James L. Buckley (later, sainted junior senator from New York) was a young attorney with Wiggin & Dana.]

Dear Mr. Adler: You are forgiven. Cordially,

—WFB

We Have Only 475 Left

■ Memo to: Our Readers
From: WFB
Re: Extraordinary Event

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors, a resolution was passed which makes me think that August 1991 in Moscow was incidental stuff.

NATIONAL REVIEW is *giving something away!*

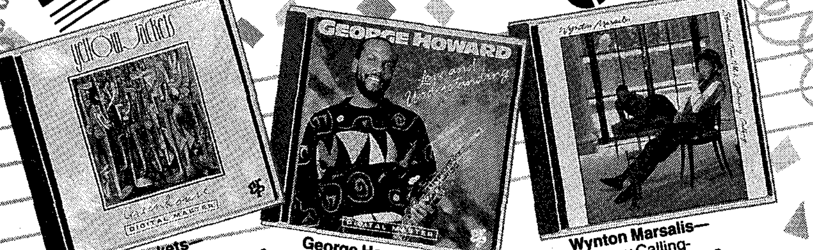
The directors (yes, including Ronald Reagan) believe that the 35th Anniversary videotape is such a fun, informative, and viewable film, they want *all* our readers to look at it, *free of charge*. They will make up the lost revenue. *If* there is lost revenue, as I doubt there will be because you are *so honorable*, as I insisted on putting it.

Anyone who wishes to see the *NR* 35th Anniversary tape, which includes the extraordinary documentary on 35 years of the magazine and other !!!Great Attractions!!! should

1. Drop a note addressed to: Jason Ng, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. The note should say, "Please send 35th to: [Your name and address]. I enclose two dollars" (our exact mailing cost).
2. You can keep the tape for two weeks, after which kindly return it.
3. If you wish to buy it, it is of course yours at the posted price of $39.95. You are on the honor system.

I promise you this: You will have a superb, funny, memorable 1.5 hours. And please forgive my performance during the last ten seconds of tape. Cordially, WFB

ALL this JAZZ



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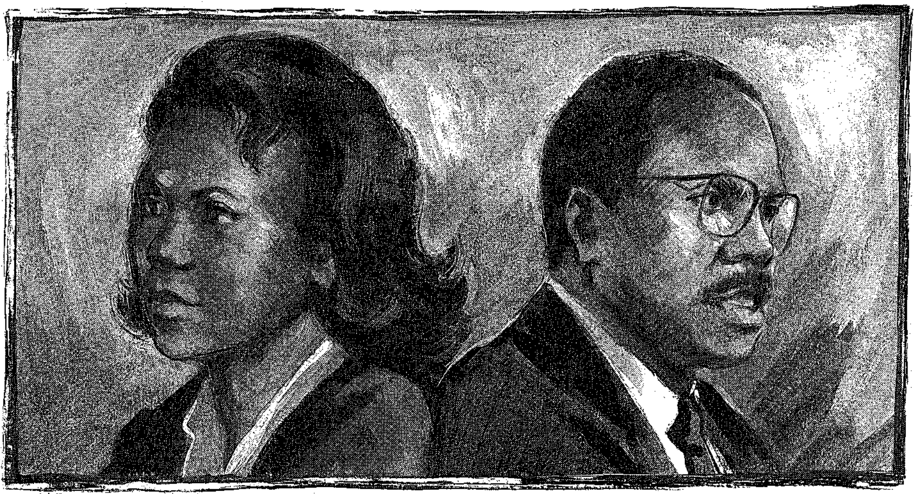
ON THE SCENE

Advice and Descent

TERRY EASTLAND



Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

'THIS is not America," Judge Clarence Thomas told the Senate Judiciary Committee in his opening statement during the "special hearing on a charge of sexual harassment," and of course his nightmarish confirmation process was not America. Yet, after listening to Thomas and Committee members criticize the process for two days, Chairman Joe Biden decided *he* had had enough. Preposterously, he tried to defend the indefensible: The confirmation process was imperfect, but it's the only system we have. "It's kind of like democracy," he said, landing a low blow to the latter.

The special hearing would never have occurred but for the well-timed leak from a Committee member to Timothy Phelps of *Newsday* and Nina Totenberg of National Public Radio. Biden earnestly deplored the leak, and said he would ask for a Senate ethics-committee investigation. (What was that phrase a witness used—"the fox guarding the henhouse"?) But now that the leak had occurred, Biden argued that he had to proceed as the full Senate instructed—to investigate the accusation of Anita Hill, who before the Committee was as cool and confident as another infamous congressional witness, John Dean.

Biden strived for fairness, rebuking Democrats and Republicans alike for excesses. But however "fair in form" the proceeding might on rare moments have seemed, it was manifestly "discriminatory in practice"—against the nominee, a nationally televised smearing of his character.

It became that because Biden could not control the most liberal members of the Committee—Senators Kennedy, Metzenbaum, and Simon—or their staffers. They, in turn, could not control themselves; here was liberalism eating itself. The end of defeating Judge Thomas justified any means, including violations of Senate rules, possibly federal law—and basic decency. Biden was right when he wondered "how we can call ourselves civil libertarians."

On July 28, the *Boston Globe* reported: "The major civil-rights and civil-liberties organizations, many of them led by veterans of the Bork battles, are sharing research and coordinating strategy. . . . The official said, for instance, that opposition groups have been withholding some damaging information about Thomas's record, and will time its release to achieve maximum impact." The *Globe* piece neglected to point out that those "sharing research and coordinating strategy"—polite words for digging for dirt and passing around the mud—included not only the civil-rights and civil-liberties (so-called) groups but also the staffers of senators including Kennedy and Metzenbaum.

Before the special hearing it was established that a Kennedy aide, Ricki Seidman, formerly a lawyer with the falsely named People for the American Way, contacted Anita Hill on September 3 to see whether she was willing to "come forward." By September 9 she was, and she did—to James Brudney, a law-school classmate of Miss Hill's who works for—Metzenbaum. Brudney, a Labor Committee staffer, directed her to Judiciary Committee staffers. At first reportedly reluctant to attach her name to her accusation, she eventually did so—*after* the general hearings were concluded. The committee then asked the FBI to investigate. Biden passed the results—including Miss Hill's statement—to each Committee Democrat on September 27, the day the Committee sent the nomination to the full Senate. Note that no Democrat asked for further investigation before voting, although any one could have.

Metzenbaum, Kennedy, and Simon all deny that they or their staffers leaked the report. Believe that, and you will believe Anita Hill. Unfortunately, Committee Republicans missed two excellent opportunities to develop important facts relevant to Thomas's charge that "this dirt was searched for by staffers or members of this Committee [and] was then leaked to the media."

Senator Arlen Specter raised an October 9 report in *USA Today* in which Keith Henderson, a friend of Miss Hill, said that she had been advised by Judiciary Committee staffers that "they would approach Judge Thomas with the information and he would withdraw and not turn this into a big story." Miss Hill's early and later testimony on the Henderson story differed, leading Specter to say she had committed "flat-out perjury." Her answers were at least fishy, but Specter might well have drawn some interest-

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Mr. Eastland, a columnist for The American Spectator, *writes frequently on legal issues, the press, and the Presidency.*

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CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE

PATRICK BUCHANAN

GOP forfeited its opportunity

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ing testimony had he worked her chronologically, probing every relevant action and phone call from the moment of his nomination until her testimony.

The other opportunity came and went with Susan Hoerchner, the California workers-compensation judge who went to law school with Anita Hill. Hoerchner divulged three interesting facts: She called the day Thomas was nominated and asked Miss Hill whether she would publicly say anything about sexual harassment (she said Miss Hill told her she would not); she had talked at some point with James Brudney, a law-school friend of both hers and Miss Hill; and she had talked with NPR's Totenberg. Why no Republican senator took these facts and ran with them is beyond me. When next did she talk with Anita Hill, and how many times did they talk? Exactly how often did she talk with Brudney or other staffers? With members of People for the American Way, NOW, and so on? And what was said in all these conversations?

There are more questions to be explored, among them the inconsistent positions of the unctious Simon. To NPR's Totenberg, Simon said he had not known the Hill allegations until "after [the Committee's] vote." His spokesman told me, however, that the day before the vote Simon had read the FBI material on the charges and in fact talked to Miss Hill by phone. How come Simon, pressing Anita Hill's cause everywhere (including in the news-breaking Phelps and Totenberg stories), wasn't concerned enough *then* to ask his Committee colleagues to postpone a vote and do more investigating? Asked in Totenberg's story why he and other members hadn't known about the charge—as Simon had just represented it—he told her that this was a "question you'd have to direct to the chairman."

I'd say there are some questions that should be directed at Simon. And Kennedy and Metzenbaum, and their staffers. There's a story to be teased out here—that of how Anita Hill, unwilling to oppose Thomas in July and reportedly ebullient about his nomination at the American Bar Association meeting in August, somehow came to speak critically of him to the press before deciding, conveniently late in the "process," to accuse him, in effect, of sexual harassment in a statement to the FBI—just the sort of thing whose release via the leak could be timed to achieve "maximum impact."

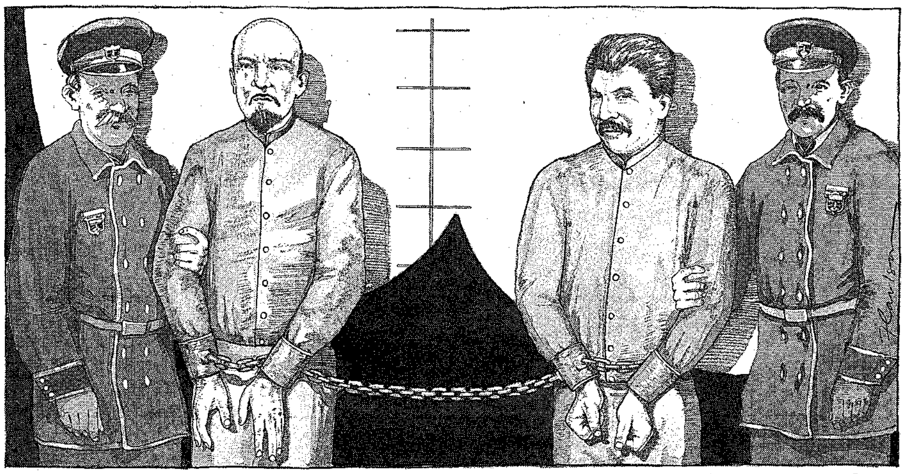
At the heart of the story, I suspect, is ideology, specifically *Roe* v. *Wade*. Asked by Senator Hank Brown (R., Colo.), whether she "perceived a significant difference between [you and Thomas] on abortion," Miss Hill, who suddenly had a worried look on her face, said, "yes," whereupon Biden ended this line of questioning on grounds of irrelevance. My hunch is that her perceived difference with Thomas in this area is entirely relevant. The radical feminists were furious with the Senate for failing to impose the litmus test of fidelity to *Roe* on David Souter. The Senate was ready to fail in that respect once again. A way had to be found to stop the Thomas nomination. The way could not involve *Roe* directly, but required something else, say a charge of sexual harassment, which everyone opposes. Enter Anita Hill, whose pro-abortion credential was only barely glimpsed.

The full truth of the Hill story cannot be known until it is thoroughly probed. President Bush must call for a criminal investigation of the leak. It is unlawful under the Privacy Act to disclose a confidential statement about another person that has been made to a government agency. The Speech and Debate Clause may or may not shield leaking senators and their aides, if they can be identified; the facts would determine that. But the facts should be known and cases brought, if indicated. Acting on his own discretion, President Coolidge named two lawyers—one Democrat, one Republican—to investigate Teapot Dome. That is the precedent President Bush should follow, asking the outside attorneys to report to him.

Such an effort cannot redeem the injustice committed against Thomas, who had the good sense to retire Kenneth Duberstein and other "handlers" and to take on the Senate himself. Thomas, finally, was Thomas, carrying himself to a confirmation victory that is an epochal event in our politics. Still, "no American should have to go through" what Thomas did, as he put it before the Committee; the advice-and-consent process cannot again be turned into a mission of search and destroy. Bush should emphatically say "never again," then back up his words by ordering a thorough, aggressive investigation, now. □

Crime and Immunity

BRIAN CROZIER


Fred Carlson

PRAGUE

ONE BY ONE they came to the rostrum to denounce the misdeeds of the Party that had tyrannized them for forty years. All were determined, some somber, others vehement. There were nearly four hundred of them, from groups such as the Confederation of Political Prisoners, the Union of Victims of Communism, the Union of Opponents of Communism, the Documentation Center of the Movement for Civic Freedom.

Some of the testimonies were mov-

Mr. Crozier, an NR *Contributing Editor, is the author of, most recently,* The Gorbachev Phenomenon.

ing. Years in prison or labor camps for opposing the regime; families made homeless because the bread-winner had been removed by the secret police; parents whose children had been threatened to make them conform. There were complaints of wanton poisoning of the environment, putting health and even survival at risk in certain areas.

One delegate said President Vaclav Havel had lost the confidence of the public when he said: "We are all guilty." Nor was Alexander Dubcek spared, widely though revered in the West because of the Prague Spring of 1968. One speaker recalled that when Dubcek was the Party's First Secretary in Bratislava, he had ignored pleas for help while the murders continued.

THERE WERE 61 of us foreigners from 12 countries, including a Sikh mystic in orange robe and turban whose promises of the peace of God aroused mild bewildered applause. The occasion was, however, far from a merely therapeutic exercise in steam-letting. It was a political act which could have far-reaching consequences, not only in other ex-Communist countries, but even in the West.

We were attending an International Conference on the Crimes of Communism, sponsored by the Institute for Central European Culture and Politics, one of a string of small think-tanks advocating Western-style democracy and the market economy.

The political clout behind the conference had been well timed, for the day before it began the Federal Assembly had passed the *Lustracni Zakon*, literally a "light-casting law" calling for a thorough check on the political background of those who hold positions in the ministries, the police, the armed forces, the judiciary, the schools and universities. For a start, a central register of two thousand names had been compiled. A purge was on the way and the point of the conference was to help the sponsors decide how far the purge should go.

By normal standards, this was clearly a newsworthy occasion, but the fact that the federal television system failed to cover it, after promising to do so, illustrates the problem. The head of State Television, Jiri Kanturek, was a high-ranking Party member in the dark era that was supposed to have ended with the "velvet revolution" in Wenceslaus Square in November 1989; from which, perhaps, an inference is permissible.

Several delegates wanted a sweeping purge, affecting all living Party members at the time of the velvet revolution. They argued that the Party was itself a criminal organization, and that all its membersship was voluntary. The consensus, however, favored specific charges against named Party leaders, including heads or section chiefs of the State Security Service, the StB, disbanded early last year.

On February 1, 1990, the StB, long a major instrument of Soviet foreign policy, was disbanded and the KGB link was officially severed. A new foreign-intelligence arm, the CZS, was launched, along with a new and reduced internal-security service, known as the FBIS. Whether all links with the KGB have indeed been severed was questioned by participants in the conference.

Having announced the changes, the then Minister of the Interior, Richard Sacher, was ousted. The credentials of his successor, Jan Langos, are also challenged on the ground of his own past Party affiliation.

The obstacles posed by the survival of the old Party elite seem almost insurmountable. For example, attempts to impeach the former hard-line President, Gustav Husak, expelled in December 1989, have failed on the ground that by virtue of his past position he enjoys immunity. The judges, of course, are former Party higher-ups.

The potential international repercussions of the Czech problem are worth thinking about. Can the crimes of Communism be punished, as were the crimes of Nazism after World War II? Despite the totalist similarities between Nazism/Fascism and Communism, the circumstancial differences are many. Hitler tried to spread his ghastly system by military war, and the Third Reich was utterly defeated. The victorious allies were then able to create the special court that sat in judgment at Nuremberg in 1945.

Communism, in contrast, spread by civil war (as in the USSR itself, and in China), by peripheral wars (as happened twice in Vietnam), by subversion, terrorism, and teleguided coups (as in Afghanistan and Ethiopia), and so forth. Many of the major criminals are dead: especially Lenin and Stalin (the perfect Leninist); and, in a minor league, Ho Chi Minh. Millions of crimes without punishment.

The major criminals of more recent times include Pol Pot of the Cambodian genocide, now under Chinese protection; Mengistu of Ethiopia, now a refugee in Zimbabwe; Fidel Castro, by now an insecure tyrant in Cuba; and Kim Il Sung, more than ever isolated in North Korea. Moreover, the collapse of Communism is still far from complete. The biggest chunk of it is the Chinese People's Republic, where the gang of aged criminals are still in charge. Add Afghanistan to the list.

As things stand, international action seems impossible. The Czech example, however, will be followed closely in neighboring Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania (where the old gang, minus a certain Ceausescu, are still running the show), and little Albania. The Soviet ex-Union will also be interested. All of these countries will have to tackle the problem in their different ways. But there is a case, in the longer term, for the creation of a new international court of justice with a specific function denied to the extant one in The Hague: to seek a historical verdict on the crimes of Communism and the eventual punishment of surviving criminals on proven specific charges. □

Dying Made Easy

THOMAS W. CASE

SEATTLE

THIS ELECTION season, residents of Washington state are seeing some unusual ads. In one, a young girl is sobbing outside an intensive-care unit, plaintively crying, "My father never thought he'd have to die this way." He is inside, comatose, festooned with a complex web of IV tubes snaking from mouth and nose, nearly buried under a mass of high-

Mr. Case is a freelance writer specializing in medical and religious ethics.

tech medical machinery. The ad urges voters to pass Initiative 119, which would make Washington the only place in the world where active euthanasia was sanctioned by law.

Leading the way for Initiative 119 is Washington Citizens for Death with Dignity. This PAC is run by the Hemlock Society, a formerly geriatric group that has boomed in recent years. It was properly front-page news when *Final Exit*, by Hemlock founder Derek Humphry, hit the *New York Times* best-seller list; rarely mentioned is the fact that the book's sales and the Society's boom are fueled by the rash of debilitating, disfiguring illnesses associated with the AIDS virus. Dr. Robert W. Wood, director of the AIDS Control Program in the Seattle Department of Public Health, welcomes Initiative 119 "because it is my duty to serve my patients' best interests, and if they are competent they know their interests better than I can."

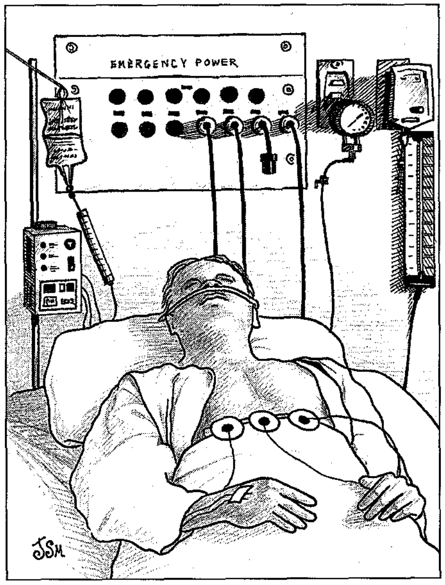
Opposition to the measure has coalesced gradually, as various organizations look more closely at the proposed changes. Another PAC, called 119 Vote No!, represents some 21 organizations, including the state branch of the American Medical Association, the state Hospital Association, and the state Catholic Conference. The director of 119 Vote No! is Eileen Brown, a registered nurse who is experienced in hospice care for the poor and has taught nursing and medical ethics in West Africa.

Her most important point is that the state's 1979 Natural Death Act already allows the withholding of extraordinary life support as directed by a "Living Will." Under the guise of making a "dignified" death a "fundamental right," Initiative 119 would make a number of radical, and undignified, changes. It redefines "artificial means of prolonging life" to include feeding tubes, sanctioning the grotesque practice (on the rise nationally) of starving comatose or helpless patients to death.

The new law would also allow doctors to give "aid in dying," which all parties understand to include lethal injections, to terminal patients (those whom two doctors diagnose as having six months to live), provided the patient has indicated his desire generally in advance via a Living Will, and specifically at the time of the . . . procedure.

Initiative 119 also replaces the old Living Will with a Directive to Physicians which contains a flaw through which lawyers are sure to drive a truck—or a hearse. One section of the Directive allows advance authorization of a) removal of life support, and b) doctor-assisted suicide. The next section allows advance authorization of these measures if the patient is unable to ask for them, "such as while in an irreversible coma or persistent vegetative state." Leaving aside the many documented recoveries from such states, lawyers will certainly use this to argue for the "mercy killings" of comatose patients who have checked the appropriate boxes on the form.

Advertisements for 119 routinely and firmly claim that "aid in dying" can be administered only to a "conscious and mentally competent" patient. Eileen Brown's job is to make Washingtonians aware of the vagueness of the law despite the deceptiveness of its proponents.



John Michaud

Although cloaked in the rhetoric of "dignity," legalized euthanasia opens some troubling doors. Dr. Robin Bernhoft, a surgeon and head of Physicians against 119, worries that a two-tier system could develop, where people who have health insurance would receive pain killers and those who do not would get a different form of treatment: "Do you give transcutaneous fentanyl to bank employees and lethal injections to the poor?" He also doesn't want to be in a position where, though the law says no doctor need give "aid in dying," he is nonetheless pressured to do so. "An intelligent person can commit suicide on his own," he says. "You don't need a doctor to do it. There's no reason to corrupt the medical profession."

Albert R. Jonsen, chairman of the Department of Medical History and Ethics at the University of Washington, warns that "it is not enough to assert that this new form of private killing rests on an inherently moral motive, compassion. Similarly, it is not enough to assert that the voluntary request of the recipient of aid in dying renders it morally acceptable." A patient could be coerced into exercising his "fundamental right to death with dignity" under 119: "The coercion may be subtle and unspoken, but families, distressed by their relative's illness, may hint at it as a way out. Patients may feel that they are undue burdens on their families and so should remove themselves."

And then there was Helga Wanglie. Severely injured in an accident at the age of 86, she lay in a coma for 17 months while administrators and physicians at Hennepin County Medical Center in Minneapolis urged her husband to consent to a mercy killing. Oliver Wanglie refused, repeatedly and vehemently, on grounds that included Helga's religious beliefs. The hospital finally sued for the appointment of a conservator who would consent to euthanasia. Three days after state probate magistrate Patricia Belois rejected the suit and ruled in Oliver Wanglie's favor, Helga died of "natural causes."

Such ethical quagmires demonstrate the importance of the basic tenet of medical ethics: First, Do No Harm. As Dr. Walter D. Meester told *American Medical News*, "In Judaeo-Christian ethics, killing by physicians has always been condemned. If one allows a small change in attitude—a lethal injection for pain—the next step may be involuntary action. This is what history has taught. Small changes in attitudes eventually led to killing people in Nazi Germany."

Living Wills are a humane innovation, approved even by the Catholic Church. Because the backers of 119 portray it as merely expanding that concept, 61 per cent of voters favored 119 a month before the vote. Eileen Brown believes the tide is turning as people learn that the Living Will is already legal. But the question is whether 119 Vote No! can get out the truth about 119 and its implications to enough voters before November 5. □

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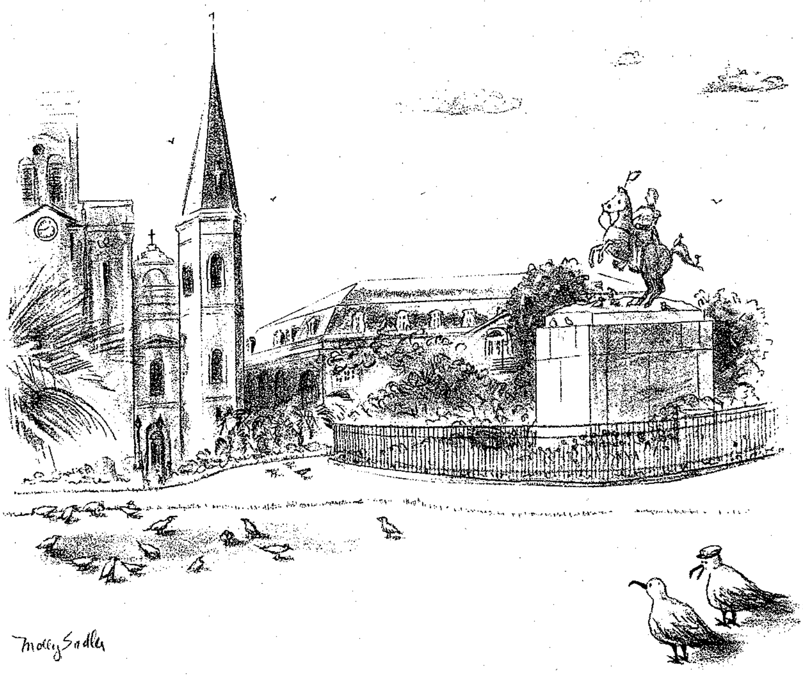
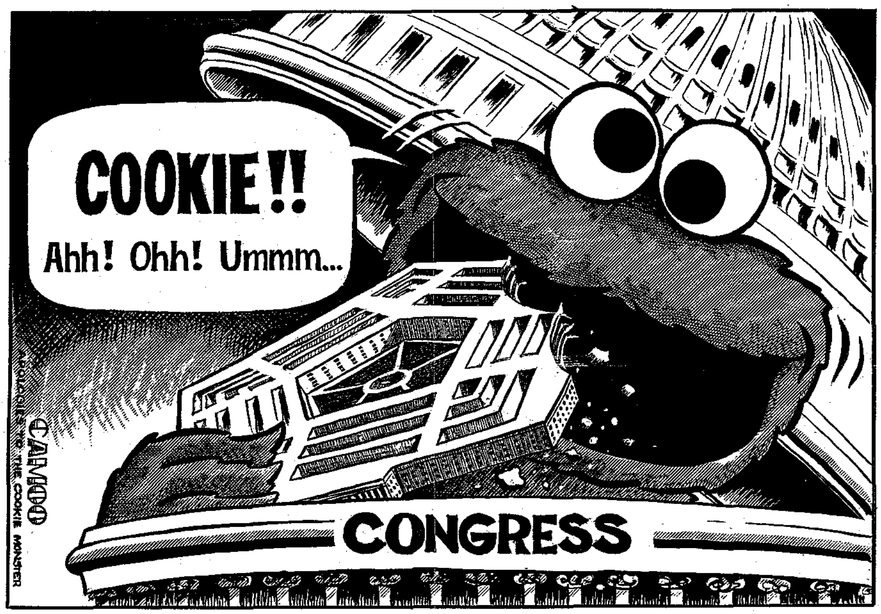

Molly Sadler

"I thought you brought the traveler's checks!"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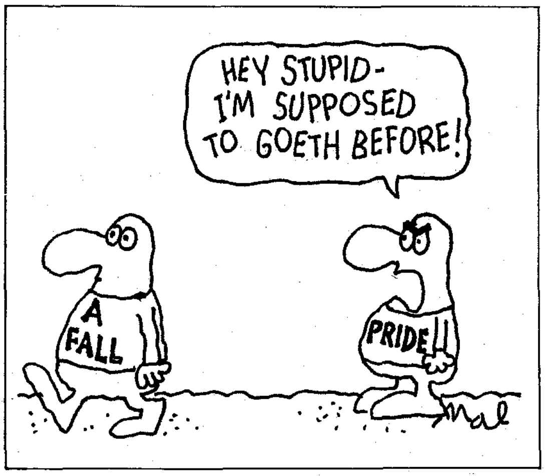
Happy Birthday!

A hardy senior citizen,
I've been promoted, as it were,
To heights beyond my hopes (and when
I tell you how I'm bound to purr):
A lovely new identity
Is mine. Today I shifted
From "old" to "chronologically
Gifted"!

MAUREEN CANNON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TO GOETH BEFORE!
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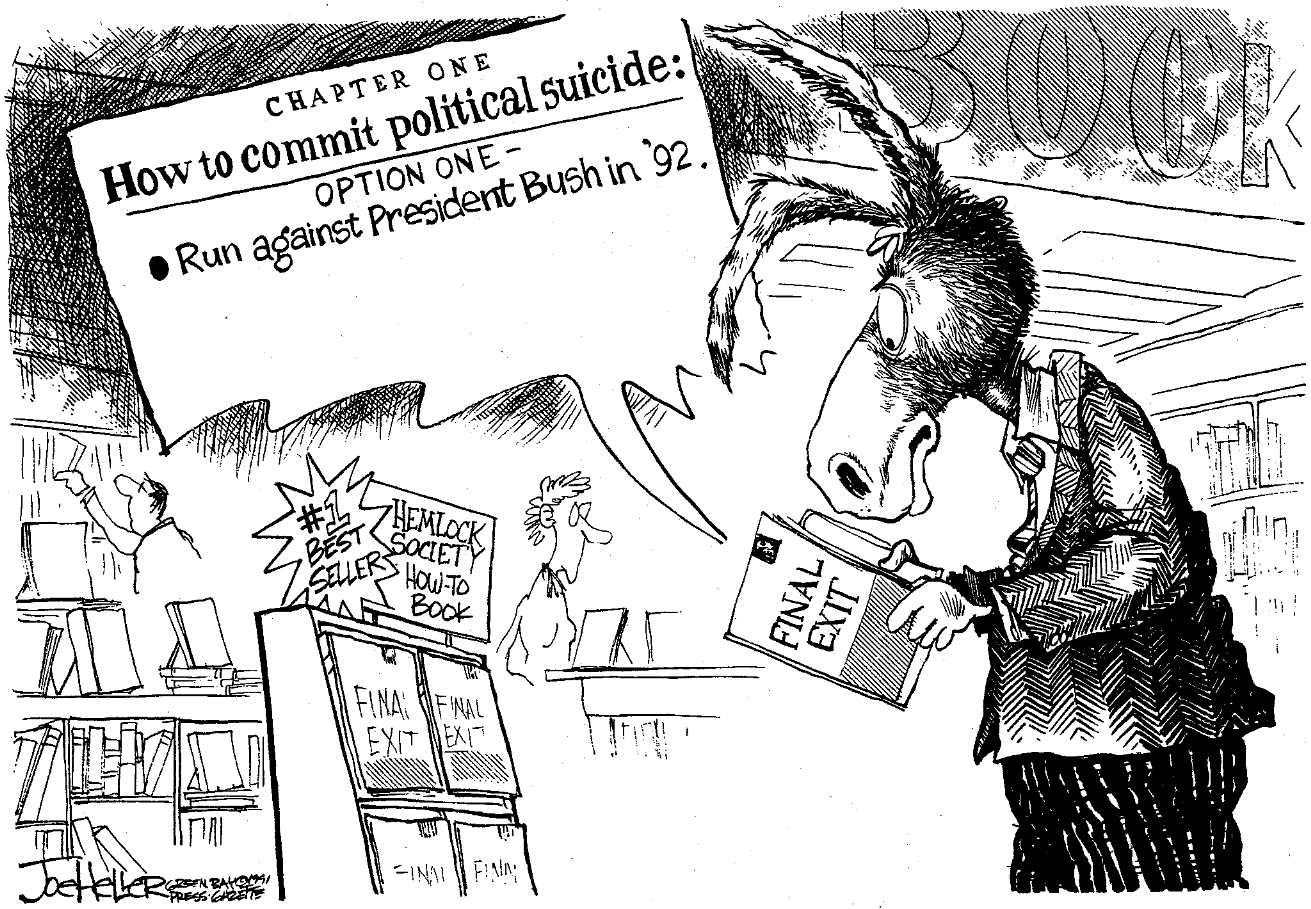
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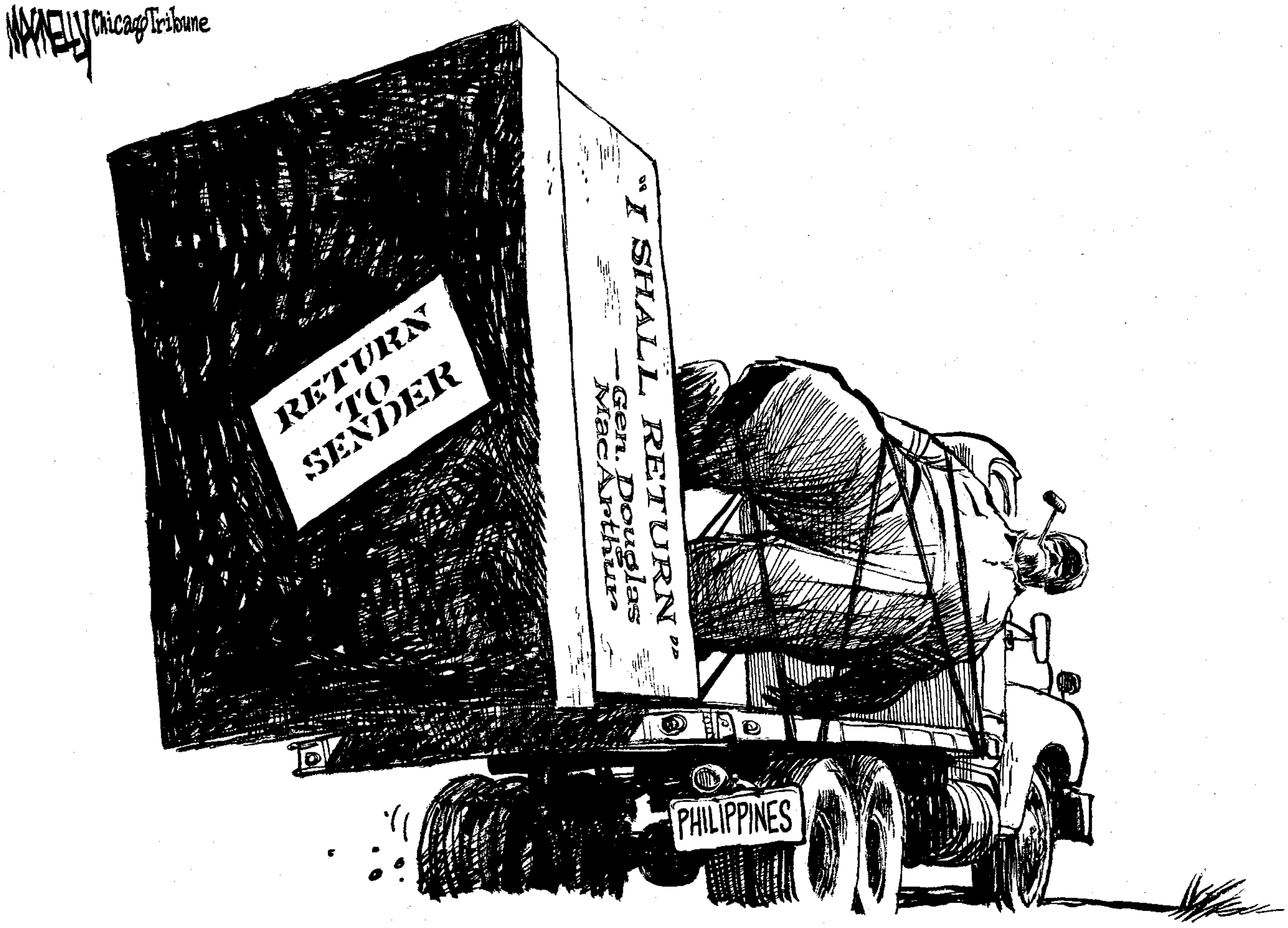
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—Gen. Douglas MacArthur
PHILIPPINES

A Symposium

IS MONETARISM DEAD?

Not at all, answers a leading monetarist: all the evidence of the '70s and '80s affirms the importance of controlling the growth of money. Three distinguished economists respond.

ALLAN H. MELTZER

IT HAS become common to proclaim: "Monetarism is dead." Yet what does the evidence of recent years show? During the early months of 1990, inflation rates, as reported by the IMF, ranged from negative numbers to an annual rate of more than 1,400 per cent. Countries like Poland, Argentina, Yugoslavia, and Brazil, where the reported annual rate of inflation was above 1,000 per cent, had all experienced high money growth. A few countries like Togo and Ethiopia reported falling prices; they had experienced *negative* rates of money growth in the recent past.

To the monetary economist, this link between growth and inflation is just additional evidence for one of the principal monetarist propositions: Sustained money growth in excess of the growth of output produces inflation. To end inflation or produce deflation, therefore, money growth must fall below the growth of output. It is especially noteworthy that one country with low or negative money growth, Ethiopia, has reported a falling price level despite civil wars and periodic famines.

What is true across countries is also true across time in a particular country. Countries as diverse as Chile, Israel, Brazil, Argentina, Italy, Japan, Turkey, and the United States have increased or reduced inflation at different times by increasing or reducing the rate of money growth. In some countries, the changes in money growth and inflation have ranged over hundreds or thousands of percentage points. In others, the range has been narrower.

Another monetarist proposition is that where inflation is high, open-market interest rates are also high and market exchange rates depreciate. This proposition too has been validated both across countries and through time. Governments' efforts to hide these effects of past inflation and anticipations of future inflation may succeed for a time, but they do not succeed permanently. Although inflation may not be reflected fully in official measurements, black-market or open-market rates on unofficial markets tell a more correct story.

When inflation increases, output often grows for a time above its trend rate. Reductions of inflation have the opposite effect: output falls, or grows at less than trend rate for a time. These temporary changes in the growth rate of output illustrate a third monetarist proposition: The first effects of changes in money growth are on output; only later does the rate of inflation change. The synchronous reduction in money growth in most of the industrial countries at the beginning of the 1980s produced a severe downturn in many of these countries, though the size and duration of the downturn differed substantially from country to country. The U.S. experienced a sharp contraction of real output; Japan escaped with only a modest reduction in the growth rate of output.

These monetarist propositions about inflation, interest rates, exchange rates, and output are now widely accepted by economists and policy-makers. Conversation with governors of central banks these days finds them more alert to the risks of inflation, more conscious of the costs of restraining inflation once inflation is widely anticipated, and more aware of the long-term relation between money growth and inflation. Many central bankers have, accordingly, adopted targets or guidelines for money growth. The high levels of interest rates in world markets in 1990 partly reflected efforts by Germany, Japan, Great Britain, the United States, and others to bring down the rate of money growth and to avoid a return of the high inflation of the 1970s.

Contrast the response of the American and German governments to the oil shocks of the 1970s, or the re-

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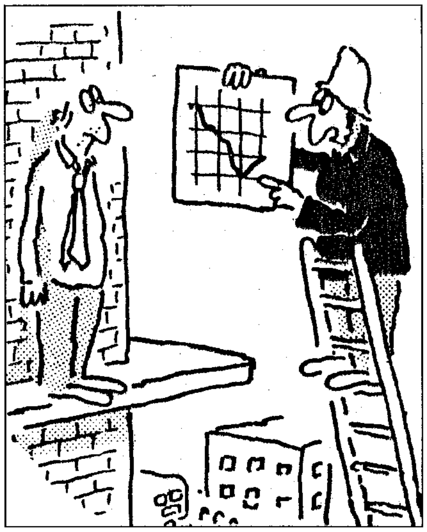
Mr. Meltzer is John M. Olin Professor of Economics and Public Policy at Carnegie Mellon University and a Visiting Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

sponse of the Japanese government in 1973–74 and 1979–80 to the same shocks, or the responses of the United States to the oil shocks in 1973 and 1979 and in 1990. A lesson learned from these different experiences is that oil shocks can produce a one-time change in the price level, but that if money growth remains unchanged, the surge in prices will be temporary and short-lived. Once the oil shock passes through the economy, prices then rise at a rate dependent on the maintained growth of money relative to output. Monetarists have emphasized the distinction between one-time price-level changes and the sustained rates of change that are properly called inflation.

Academic and professional opinion has now accepted several of the monetarist propositions that many once regarded as wrong-headed or even heretical. Central bankers in leading countries, including the United States, now see their principal task as the maintenance of price stability. Countries like Italy, France, and Britain, with a history of inflationary policy, tie their currencies to the German Mark in order to borrow credibility from the successful low-inflation policies of the Bundesbank. And the Bundesbank sets targets for the growth rate of the money stock that it achieves much of the time. Just as importantly, the market believes that the directors of the Bundesbank will not persistently exceed their monetary target.

Keynesians and Monetarists

IN THE Keynesian tradition, government had responsibility for stabilizing an unruly economy. Keynesians developed the notion of a fiscal–monetary mix to control spending and the balance of payments simultaneously. To control the economy, well-timed changes in taxes and government spending were to be balanced against propitious changes in money. The famous Phillips-curve trade-off supposedly gave economists a tool for choosing between inflation and unemployment. If the choice didn't work out as intended, Keynesians relied on informal price and wage controls, jawboning, and guideposts to improve the trade-off. Under flexible exchange rates, they urged international policy coordination and selective exchange-market intervention to manage the global economy.



"Look! This clearly shows an upturn in the second half of this year."

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

To know when and how much to adjust policies, Keynesian economists developed forecasting models —some with hundreds of equations. With large-scale computers, the models could be used to simulate policy changes in advance, and thus to predict the effect of policy changes and to adjust the mix of policy actions more closely.

Monetarists are critical of these models and their use in policy. They favor stable policy rules that reduce variability and uncertainty for private decision-makers. They argue that government serves the economy best by enhancing stability and acting predictably, not by trying to engineer carefully timed changes in policy actions which are frequently destabilizing.

When Keynesian policies were applied, notably in the U.S. and Britain, they produced alternating periods of rising inflation and rising unemployment, not the finely adjusted trade-off Keynesians sought. Instead of carefully crafted adjustments of domestic output and the balance of payments, Keynesian policies brought an end to the Bretton Woods system of fixed but adjustable exchange rates. The world economy suffered from a surge of inflation unprecedented in peacetime. Later, oil prices added to the problem. But the oil-price increases were themselves a reaction, at least in part, to the surge in the world price level and to the decline in the price of oil relative to the prices paid by oil-producing countries for other goods.

Forecasting was a weak foundation for policy actions in general. The best forecasts of spending, output, prices, and inflation proved to be unreliable. Federal Reserve forecasts consistently underestimated inflation during the period of rising inflation and then overestimated inflation when inflation fell. Research showed that econometric models cannot accurately forecast interest rates and exchange rates. On average, forecasters have been unable to distinguish between booms and recessions a quarter or a year ahead, so they are as likely to mislead as to benefit policy-makers.

While the Bretton Woods system of fixed exchange rates was in place, it required all countries to accept the inflationary consequences of U.S. economic policy. Once the system ended, countries were free to adopt independent policies. Many did just that. Of particular interest are the policies of Japan, Germany, and Switzerland. These countries undertook to lower inflation by gradual but persistent reductions in money growth. And, although countries did not call their actions "rules" and although they did not always follow those rules, their general approach was much closer to the monetarist prescription for policies based on such rules than to Keynesian activist meddling.

Nowhere was the change more apparent than in Britain in the 1980s. A medium-term fiscal plan, lower tax rates, persistent reductions in money growth, and an end to both exchange controls and wage-price guidelines were among the reforms that produced a revival of growth and confidence. For the first time in many decades, Britain's economic performance was one of the best. Not all the British reforms were monetarist prescriptions, but the shift toward rules or medium-term strategies and the reduction in money growth and inflation were key parts of the policy.

Later, however, the monetary policy was changed. Instead of controlling money growth to maintain domestic price stability, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, told the Bank of England to control the exchange rate by linking the pound to the Mark and other European currencies. The result was higher money growth followed by booming demand and higher inflation, followed by a disinflationary policy and a recession. The spending boom, the return of inflation, and later the onset of recession show the familiar monetarist associations of money growth with inflation, unanticipated increases in money growth with booms, and unanticipated reductions of money growth with recessions. Here was an example of monetarism being demonstrated by the failure of an anti-monetarist strategy.

Although monetarism is alive and well, considerable skepticism can still be found. Two factors seem to lie behind this skepticism. First, the Federal Reserve's "monetarist" experiment in the early 1980s is generally thought to have been a failure. The reasons for this alleged failure differ, but prominent among them is the shift in the demand for money in 1982. Remember, however, that leading monetarists were very critical of the Federal Reserve's experiment at the time. They pointed out that the Fed made very few of the technical changes needed to make the experiment a success. For example, a group of monetarists known as the Shadow Open Market Committee warned repeatedly that the Federal Reserve's procedures increased variability and uncertainty and reduced monetary control.

Further, predicting income or spending on the basis of the money stock or estimates of the demand for money did indeed prove to be inaccurate in 1981–82. But this criticism should not be restricted to monetarists and monetarism. All short-term forecasts based on systematic economic theories failed at that time.

Second, the monetarists and their critics have very different policy agendas. The critics see government policy action as a way of removing economic instability caused by unruly private behavior. Accordingly, they have advocated activist policies to control spending. When taxes and spending proved less flexible—and their influence on output and prices less potent—than Keynesians (and other activists) believed, many of them shifted attention to monetary policy. They hoped to use changes in money, credit, and interest rates to fine tune the economy. Some monetarists may have encouraged this behavior by making short-term forecasts and by overstating what monetarism could deliver. But the blunt fact is that monetary relations are a basis for policy rules, not for short-run policy activism.

The lesson to be learned is that economics is not a science that delivers tight, reliable forecasts of economic variables. Economists' forecasts may be the best forecasts available, but they are not good enough to form a reliable basis for stabilizing policy actions in the short term. An adaptive monetarist rule that adjusts to reflect past experience would not eliminate all fluctuations in output and employment. But it would do a substantially better job of stabilizing the economy and avoiding inflation than policies based on short-term forecasts. Some countries have learned that lesson. They have low inflation, strong currencies, and greater stability. Ours has not been one of them; perhaps that is changing. ☐

Alan Walters

I DO NOT know how many deaths monetarism has allegedly experienced in the UK. I recall John Kenneth Galbraith pronouncing it dead in 1980, when it was merely an idea and long before it was applied. And the intellectual heir of Galbraith, Samuel Brittan of the *Financial Times*, has been declaring it dead since 1985. But certainly the tenets of monetarism were mothballed intellectually by Nigel Lawson in 1985 and, to the delight of the clerisy, they were jettisoned in practice in early 1987. Britain then pegged the exchange rate, and only unreconstructed monetarists fretted about monetary growth. All was well, we were assured by Lawson, Brittan, et al., because we had shackled sterling to the Deutsche Mark at 3.00 to the pound. (This policy had the added attraction of being spiteful to Mrs. Thatcher, who fundamentally opposed such attempts to "buck the market.")

In retrospect this was a sad error. From the end of 1980 to 1985 the monetarist policy had been successful in reducing monetary growth and the rate of inflation (the latter from over 20 per cent in mid 1980 to less than 4 per cent in 1986). The plan was gradually to reduce the growth of the monetary base to zero—which would have given us stable prices by the end of the decade. But this was not to be. Lawson's pegging of the exchange rate when the yield on assets in the UK was very high as a consequence of the Thatcher supply-side revolution caused an enormous inflow of foreign money, which eventually fueled a grand inflation. Interest rates, which, in order to stem the capital inflow, had been brought down sharply in mid 1988, to 7.5 per cent, were then increased to 15 per cent. And, consistent with the predictions of monetarists, Britain began her recession in the latter half of 1989 and is still descending into perhaps the deepest recession—and indeed an inflationary recession—since the 1930s.

Unlike the U.S., the British government, committed to supporting sterling in the European Monetary System, has forgone control over interest rates. With echoes of the absurdities of economic policy in the 1930s, Britain may well have to *increase* interest rates if Spain increases her rates. Yes, you have not misread and it is not a misprint; Spain rules—OK? Because the EMS limits the depreciation against the highest currency, it is Spain, with the highest currency, that for months has ruled interest rates in Europe. (Spain is in the position

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Sir Alan Walters, vice chairman of AIG Trading Corporation in Washington, D.C., was chief economic advisor to Mrs. Thatcher.

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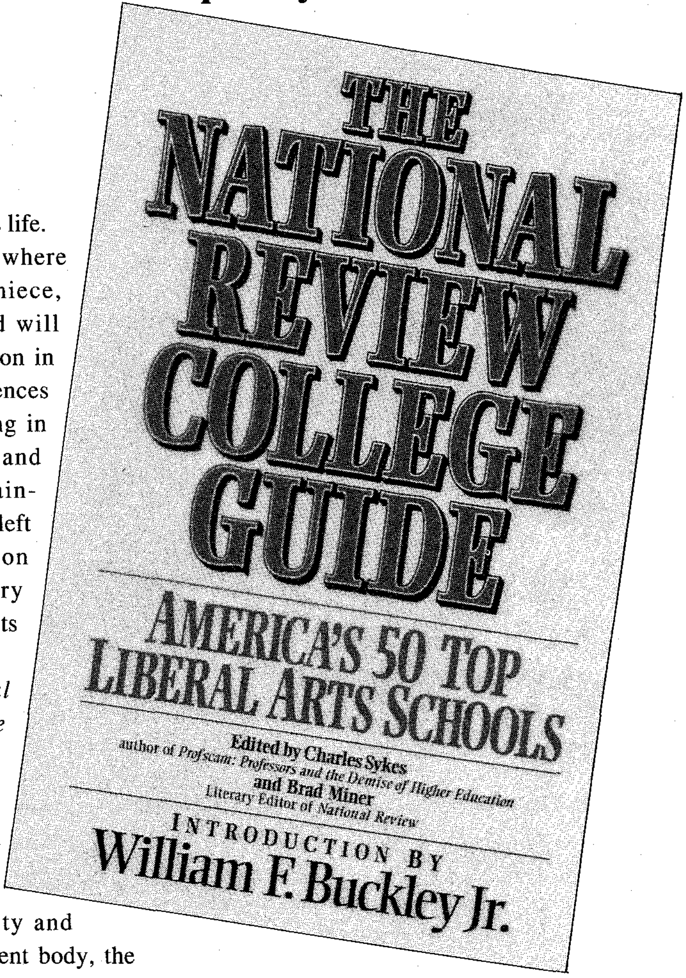
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that Britain was in in 1987, with the *peseta* much in demand, as was sterling then. Of course the *peseta* will fall and Spain will be on a similar rollercoaster to that which Britain has ridden these last five years. For example, Spain's monetary growth of M1 over the last year has been 23 per cent, so I suspect that the downside of the rollercoaster will be rather thrilling.)

I am not pretending that, had we stuck to monetary targeting in 1987–91, the British economy would have been one long tale of happiness regained. On the contrary, I believe some mild recession was probably unavoidable. But we would have avoided the sharp inflation and, most important, we would have not suffered the deep and abiding recession of 1990–9?.

I wish I could tell you that the policy-makers and clerisy have learned a lesson. Alas they have not. So Britain and sterling are in for a rough ride. If only we could bring back monetarist policies . . . (and I must confess I would like to bring back their political *patronne*, but it is expecting perhaps too much even to yearn forlornly for a return from a Colombey-les-deux-Eglises). ☐

Warren T. Brookes

TWO of the economists I admire most in this world are Milton Friedman and Allan Meltzer. Their ideas not only about money, but about free markets and how they work, have inspired and provided grist for too many columns to recount.

So it is with the greatest deference, not to mention trepidation, that I take issue with Allan's overall premise of the invincibility of monetarism.

While I agree wholeheartedly with monetarism's basic premise that *money matters*, monetarism's basic predictive model as well as its utility as an economic management tool were put to repeated tests during the last decade, and repeatedly failed.

Again and again, using monetary aggregate numbers as a guide, this columnist and a number of his heroes in this field made embarrassingly incorrect forecasts, both of incipient recessions and of soaring inflations.

Perhaps the best summary illustration of this point is the fact that monetary growth (M1) from 1981 to 1987 averaged 8.2 per cent a year, some 15 per cent faster than in the prior six years (1975–1981), when it averaged 7.1 per cent. Even the broader M2 aggregate grew almost as fast in the second period (8.4 per cent) as it did in the earlier period (9.5 per cent).

Yet inflation as measured by the consumer price index soared from 4.9 per cent in 1976 to double digits in 1979 and 1980, while it fell from nearly 9 per cent to the 3 to 4 per cent range from 1984 through 1987. There is no way the monetarist model could have predicted that different an outcome.

There are of course many explanations for these anomalies. For one thing, no one, monetarists included, forecast the collapse in money demand during the 1980s, which cut the velocity of money by 50 per cent or more. Since velocity is just as powerful a variable in the basic quantity-theory-of-money equation as monetary growth, this unforeseen change destroyed the basic assumption of monetarism that velocity can be assumed to rise constantly at about 3 to 4 per cent. It didn't come close.

Second, with the deregulation of financial markets and the introduction of interest-bearing deposit accounts, it became less possible to get an accurate fix on what was actually happening with each of the monetary aggregates. So many adjustments had to be made to rationalize the new volatility in these accounts with past experience that they have no credibility.

Third, and most important, the rise of the integrated world financial markets, linked by a telecommunications revolution, which now allows some $500 billion a day in financial transactions, has forever destroyed the idea of a closed national monetary system, where a central bank could easily control monetary growth. It can no longer even measure how well policy is hitting the target. Case in point: During 1990, while the Fed's tight-money policies kept both M1 and M2 growing at 3 to 4 per cent, the nation's monetary base, regarded as the "power money" in the monetarist equation, suddenly shot up 11 per cent, the fastest rate since the early 1980s.

The reason for this anomaly was the equally sudden rise in the growth of *currency*, which makes up nearly 80 per cent of the base. As the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out last October, "the trend . . . is somewhat of a mystery to economists, as well as a surprise."

But as Lindley Clark and Alfred Malabre pointed out, the main reason for this surge was not a suddenly buoyant U.S. consumer economy, or even a hopped-up drug trade. The reason was that U.S. dollars became the currency of choice in the new Eastern European democracies struggling to reform their systems.

The Federal Reserve estimates that two-thirds of all U.S. currency in circulation is now abroad, and more than half of the currency growth in 1990 went directly overseas. Economist Steve Hanke calls this the "dollarization" of both the Eastern European and Latin American economies. "In an attempt to convince citizens that the new reforms represent real change, the governments have often replaced an existing currency with a new monetary unit. With the exception of containing fewer zeroes, the new currencies have remained little changed from the old ones. . . . As a result, the economic agents in these countries engage in private market-based currency reform of their own. They substitute high-confidence foreign currencies (like the dollar) for their own low-confidence domestic currency."

One result of this has been to send misleading signals to the Federal Reserve as to the actual trend in U.S. monetary growth. As Jerry Jordan, chief economist of First Interstate Bank in Los Angeles (and a colleague

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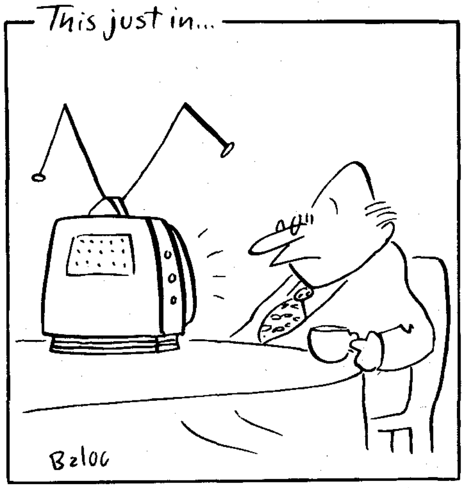
Mr. Brookes is a nationally syndicated columnist for the Detroit News.

of Meltzer's on the Shadow Open Market Committee), said last fall, "We need easier money, but I'm afraid the currency surge is persuading some people in the Fed that further easing isn't necessary." Yet, at a time when the U.S. was sliding deeper into recession, the money presses at the Treasury were working overtime just to keep up with currency demand.

This illustrates why it is more and more difficult for a central bank to set arbitrary monetary targets and meet them with any precision, and why the Fed has become far less "monetarist" in its policy-making over the last three years and has had to rely more on feedback from global financial and commodity markets. Simultaneously, that feedback has massively improved.

This brings me to a larger philosophical point: To run a monetarist policy requires a central bank—and thus a government agency—exercising draconian control over the nation's economy. Not only is this inconsistent with a free-market perspective, the information revolution is making such controls obsolete.

Today, investors throughout the world are in a position to make instant judgments and take immediate action to exchange money with commodities such as gold or with currencies of any national origin. We are, in a certain curious sense, returning to a kind of "free banking" and a surrogate "commodity standard," which Walter Wriston has dubbed "the information standard."


This just in...

"The bad news is that U.S. dollars are losing their value. The good news is that most of them are owned by the Japanese."

Under this standard, the ability of central banks to spring surprise inflations or deflations is vastly inhibited by immediate market alarm, and if necessary discipline. When the Federal Reserve responded to Administration pressure in April to lower the discount rate a full point at a time when recovery was already under way, the market voted the other way, raising long-term bond rates by nearly 40 basis points. The Fed "eased" short but the market tightened long. This is proof that investors are now imposing an anti-inflation bias on world banks, and central banks have no choice but to obey their market signals.

This of course is the way the gold standard was supposed to operate in a perfect marketplace. If a bank issued too much money, people would come and trade it for gold, and vice versa. Today, investors can do this without hauling gold to a bank—merely by a few keystrokes on a desktop computer.

In the face of this new technology, what can nine unelected Fed governors provide in the way of additional wisdom? How can they determine what the money supply really is in a world marketplace? How can they set rigid targets and expect to hit them?

All they can do is be guided by the same forces that once guided banks under various commodity standards (which monetarists used to admire). For all these reasons, while money still does matter, a lot, monetarism as a policy construct may not yet be dead, but it is surely terminal. ☐

Alan Reynolds

NOBODY DENIES that too much money causes inflation. But we cannot be certain what "money" is, or (except in extreme cases) how much is too much. The definition of any "money supply" is inherently arbitrary, because of innovation and integration in world financial markets. It is possible to buy almost anything on a credit card, for example, and then write a check drawn on a mutual fund that holds short-term corporate or even foreign IOUs. Such transactions are not recorded in any measure of money.

Even if we knew which securities and deposits to count as money, no experts could decide in advance how to ration that money so we did not have too much of it. Indeed, a seemingly rapid spurt in money can be a consequence of lower expected inflation, because increased confidence in a currency raises domestic and foreign demand for that country's liquid assets.

In the U.S., the biggest embarrassment for monetarists is that M2 grew at a rapid pace (10 per cent) from 1982 through 1987, yet inflation declined. Since then, M2 has inceased by less than 4 per cent a year, but inflation accelerated until this year. The explanation is that the dollar was rising in the early 1980s, indicating that the world's willingness to hold cash in dollars was rising even faster than the supply. Yet many domestic monetarists nonetheless still argue that the Fed should ignore the dollar, and that exchange rates just passively adjust to some previous period of monetary excess.

Monetary economists with a more international bent instead observe that a policy of deliberate devaluation of the currency (to gain advantages in world trade) often precedes inflation of both money and prices. Mexico thus decided to devalue the *peso* by 60 per cent in September of 1976, and growth of its monetary base (bank reserves and currency) subsequently soared from 12 per cent in 1976 to 109 per cent by 1988. In early 1981, Mexico once again announced a huge devaluation, and growth of the monetary base subsequently increased from 38 per cent in 1980 to 82 per cent in 1983. Big devaluations meant the *peso* prices of all commodities priced in dollars, such as oil and grains, had to rise dra-

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Mr. Reynolds is Director of Economic Research at the Hudson Institute.

matically in *pesos*. The resulting rise in prices had to be accommodated by printing more *pesos*. Inflation was further fueled by soaring velocity as frightened citizens rushed to unload shrinking *pesos*.

Small economies, in particular, cannot possibly achieve the required confidence and discipline to stop inflation unless they guarantee to redeem their currencies in terms of a fixed amount of a more credible currency, or gold. This is the real reason Ethiopia and Togo, which fix their currencies to the dollar and French franc, have had low inflation. It is also why Germany, Japan, and Switzerland invariably ignore their alleged money supply "targets" whenever they conflict with exchange-rate stability.

The late, great Karl Brunner, who taught both Meltzer and me, was not allergic to fixed exchange rates. But Professor Meltzer now wants to have it both ways. He argues that countries that "tie their currencies to the German Mark" are adopting a "monetarist" policy. Yet he also applauds the fact that chaotic floating meant countries "were free to adopt independent policies." Freedom to debauch their currencies was indeed a welcome privilege for many Third World politicians, not to mention the Nixon and Carter Administrations. But more freedom for the government means less security for the rest of us.

In recent months, the M1 measure of U.S. money has been growing at an 8 per cent rate, M2 at 3 per cent. Is that too much M1 or too little M2? Only those with extravagant faith in expert central planning could pretend to know. ☐

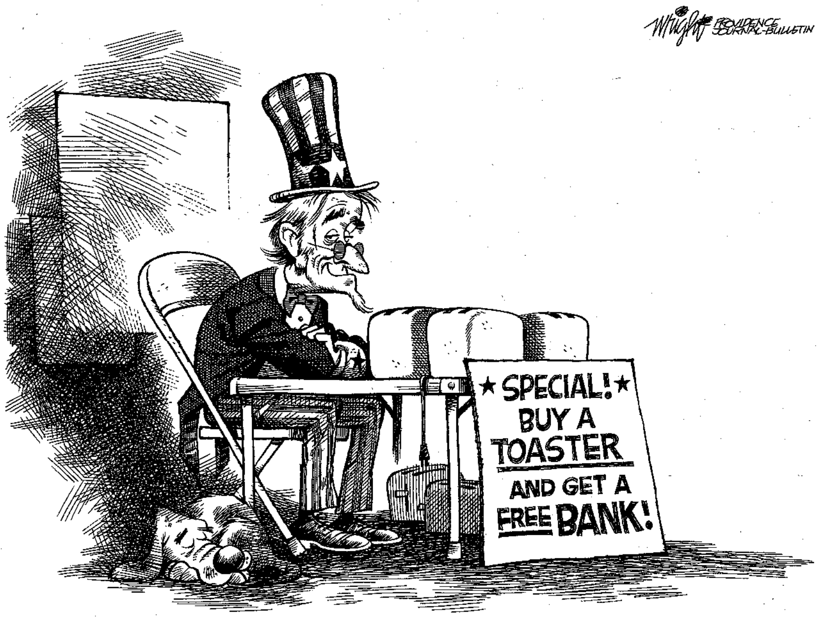
Mr. Meltzer Responds

WARREN BROOKES and Alan Reynolds point to some specific periods when a fixed rate of money growth would not have been ideal. I made no claim to the contrary. Rather I insisted that monetary control is not a reliable basis for short-term policy activism.

In an uncertain and changing world, there is no way to produce absolutely stable prices in a free society. Holding inflation within a one- or two-percentage-point band around zero would be a big improvement for most countries, particularly if people are convinced that policy-makers will follow the rule. They would come to expect prices to remain stable on average.

Could monetarism deliver economic growth and stable prices? There are two good reasons for believing the answer is a resounding yes. One comes from actual experience in countries like Germany and Japan during the 1980s. The other comes from research on the type of adaptive monetary rule proposed both by me and by my colleague Bennett McCallum.

As Alan Reynolds points out, Germany is part of a fixed-exchange-rate system. Members of the system initially agreed to limit changes in exchange rates to a minimum. But he neglects to point out that every system of fixed exchange rates needs a monetary anchor. The Bundesbank, Germany's central bank, provides that anchor by controlling money growth.



The Bundesbank sets a target for money growth that is consistent with a low rate of inflation. When it wants to lower inflation, it sets money growth below past average growth and gradually pushes inflation down by following its monetary rule.

The Bank of Japan does much the same. Between 1975 and 1985, the Bank succeeded in bringing the inflation rate from 8 per cent to zero without a recession. Unfortunately, the Japanese government interfered, under pressure from the United States to help devalue the dollar. Japan's money growth rose above the Bank's targets. Inflation rose to 4 to 5 per cent briefly. The Bank resisted the importunings of its government, and ours, and has worked to restore price stability by returning to its rule.

For the United States, there is no direct evidence. Monetarism has not been tried. Federal Reserve policy has wandered all over the lot, creating inflations at one time, recessions at another. The only evidence we can have is based on research, not fact. Research shows that a monetary rule that automatically adjusted the growth rate of money to the past total output (GNP) and past changes in the use of money would keep GNP within 2 per cent of its long-term trend rate of growth.

That's not perfect, but it's better than we have done under the pure gold standard of the nineteenth century, the managed gold standard of the 1920s, Bretton Woods, or the Volcker and Greenspan non-standards.

It's fun to pick at this or that episode. But the issue of monetary control is too important to be used for spirited jousting. Monetarism is alive and well in Germany and Japan. It may be reviving here. The friends of freedom should be pleased if the revival continues. ☐

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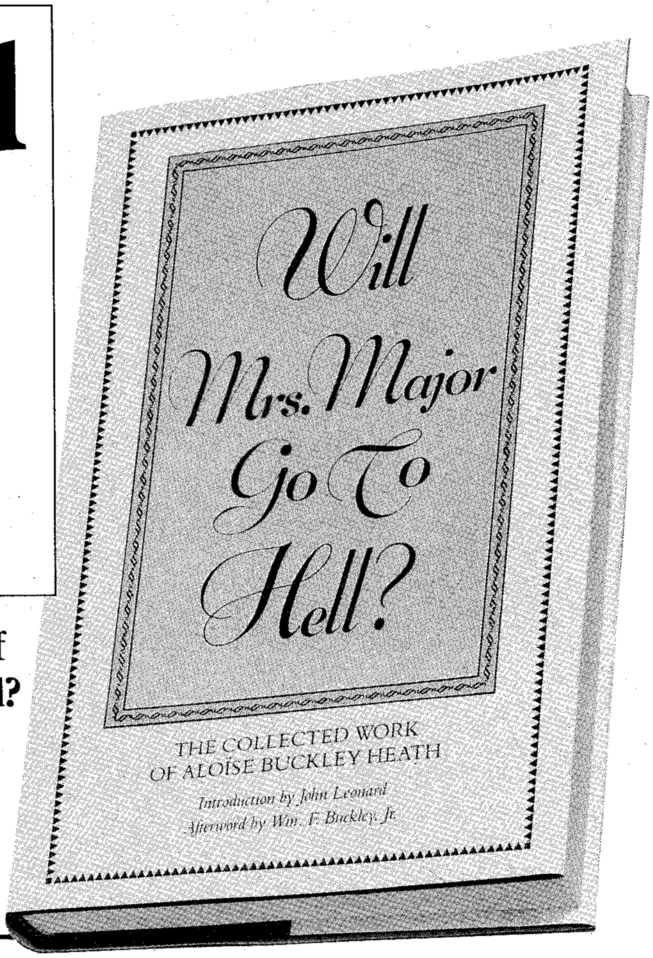
Will Mrs. Major Go To Hell?
THE COLLECTED WORK OF ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH
Introduction by John Leonard
Afterword by Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

The Perfect Christmas Gift!

Here is what the "Book-of-the-Month Club News" said about **Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?** when it was first published:

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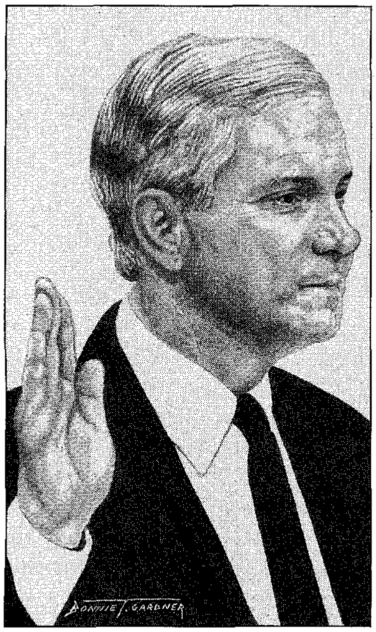

Spy versus Spy

THE ARROGANCE OF THE CLERKS

Someone in CIA has been relentlessly altering and withholding evidence to support his view of the world. But it wasn't Robert Gates.

ANGELO CODEVILLA

THOSE WHO listened to the Senate hearings on the nomination of Robert Gates to be Director of Central Intelligence heard Gates (a former CIA official) accused of having purveyed conservative ideological fancies at the expense of facts. The hearings themselves, however, consisted largely of gossip from the CIA bureaucracy rather than of arguments about the outside world. Listeners quickly got the feeling of witnessing a family squabble they did not really understand. What was going on? Two sets of liberals—Democratic senators and CIA analysts—were bashing Gates in order to push two somewhat overlapping agendas.

The senators' agenda was transparent enough. Ronald Reagan had built a decade's political dominance by depicting the Soviet Union as an evil empire at home and dangerous abroad. Now the Democrats asserted that their (highly unpopular) opposition to U.S. military spending and muscular foreign policy had been right all along because the "real" CIA had always known that the Soviet Union was collapsing at home and a paper tiger abroad. By filling intelligence documents with Mr. Reagan's favorite images—raw meat thrown to Reaganite lions—Gates and his former boss William Casey had indirectly disinformed the American people. Even Daniel P. Moynihan, who knows much better, pilloried Gates along these lines. Dogs bite man.

The agenda of the CIA analysts who testified against Gates—and hence made possible the senators' attack—was harder to figure out. Their personal vehemence was the sort normally reserved for criminals. One former analyst, Melvin Goodman, said that "Gates's role . . . was to corrupt the process and the ethics of intelligence." Gates had been "responsible" for "misleading and false information" that had "cost lives." According to another, Jennifer Glaudemans, Gates contributed to "the culture of fear and cynicism among frontline analysts" and had left her "scarred."

Yet the specific charges were few, and Gates had little trouble rebutting their details. Had Gates introduced a false item into a CIA publication? True or false, the item had been introduced by somebody else on a day when Gates was out of town. Had Gates killed a draft estimate in 1982? At the time he had no authority to kill anything. Had he ordered somebody fired? The man's immediate boss testified that he had done it on his own initiative. Had Gates not paid attention to the possibility that the Soviet Union would fall apart? Paper aplenty showed that he was one of the few people in the government who had. Had Gates ordered the CIA to find the Soviets guilty of ordering the attempted murder of the Pope? He had not.

Details, however, were not what had fueled the passionate belief of many at CIA that Gates is their blood enemy, evil incarnate. Why then do they hate him so violently? Because they see in Gates a challenge to what they believe is their due as the "best and the brightest"—a monopoly on the right to determine how the U.S. Government views the world. A quick survey of two points of contention—the Pope plot and the Soviet collapse—will show that for CIA analysts what happens in the world is less important than their own feelings of superiority.

On Whose Account?

WHEN THE Italian police arrested Mehmet Ali Agca in St. Peter's Square, they quickly noticed that he did not have a religious or fanatical bone in his body. Cool and businesslike, he had no motive of his own for shooting the Pope. A check of border crossings and hotels showed that he had traveled Western Europe in style for weeks. But just before entering Western Europe, this penniless Turk had stayed at Bulgaria's luxurious Hotel Vitosha. Hence, even before Agca began to dribble out information about his acquaintance with Bulgarian intelligence officers who had given him the gun and had been in St. Peter's Square at the time of the shooting, the Italian authorities had built a solid *circumstantial* case that the Bulgarian secret service had paid him to shoot the

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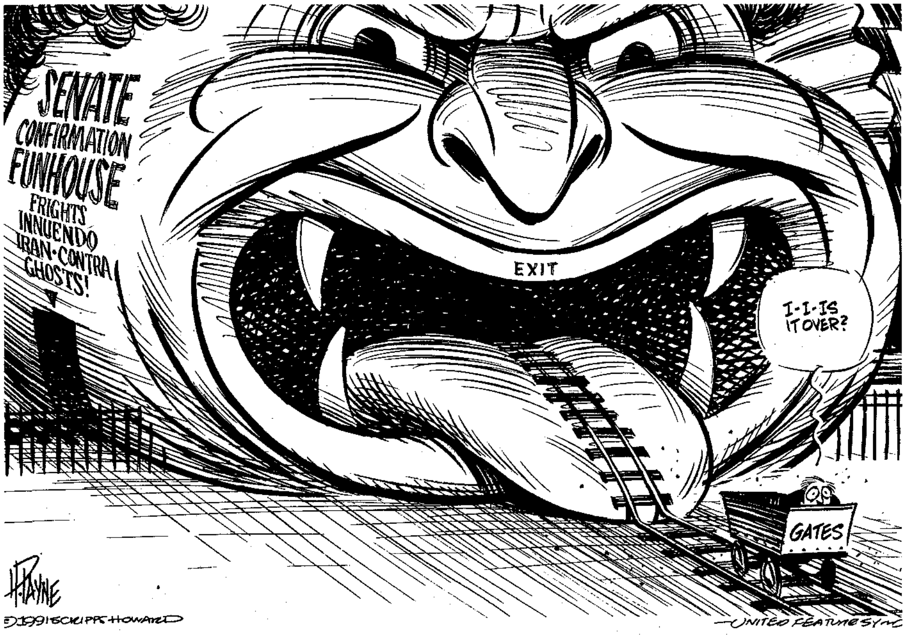
Pope. *If* the Bulgarians had done it, it could only have been at the behest of the KGB.

CIA had no information at all that someone might attempt to kill the Pope. Thereafter, some of its sources delivered a few third-hand rumors. Hence one might have expected CIA to write nothing of its own, but merely to pass on the Italians' findings. But no. It quickly became orthodoxy at CIA that the Bulgarians and Soviets had nothing to do with the shooting, and that to suggest otherwise was irresponsible sabotage of U.S.–Soviet relations. In November 1982 I sat with a CIA official in Rome as the Italian Minister of the Interior laid out Italy's case. The CIA man snapped: "You have no proof." The minister replied: "What proof do you want?" The CIA man warned that Italy was fouling up U.S.–Soviet relations and in the end would be left alone. In February 1983 CIA Director Casey, accompanied by Robert Gates, delivered to Congress the CIA analysts' critique of Claire Sterling's book *The Terror Network* (the thesis of which is that the Soviets facilitated anti-Western terrorism through a network in Eastern Europe and the Middle East) as well as a refutation of the Italian magistrates' case against the Bulgarians. The refutation contained no facts. (There was an allusion to a "decisive," "sensitive source," but this turned out to be a defector who had heard a conversation amongst some Bulgarians who did not happen to know anything themselves.) The most typical sentence starters were "We believe . . ." and "We have no evidence . . ." Nevertheless, the document put the weight of the U.S. Government behind the proposition that the Soviets just would not sponsor terrorism in any way, shape, or form.

Bill Casey was uncomfortable both with the conclusion and with the craftsmanship. As a result, two years later (April 23, 1985) CIA wrote a paper "setting forth the basis for believing the Soviets might have been involved." The paper presents no independent factual evidence, only generalizations about Soviet behavior. Even this was still too much for some analysts, who, on May 20, wrote "the case against." It begins by protesting the fact that a "case for" had been written at all. Amusingly, it chides the paper Casey commissioned for being "conjectural," but makes it own case with such hard stuff as, "If in the unlikely event that the KGB instructed [the Bulgarians] to kill the Pope, there would have been greater attention paid to operational tradecraft."

Where does the truth lie? After the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe, the German goverment captured scores of terrorists who had been headquartered in East Germany. The Czechoslovak government shut down terrorist training facilities. As a result, the level of terrorism in Western Europe has dropped dramatically. As for the Pope plot, in 1990 a Soviet defector told a press conference that in 1980 the KGB had commissioned a study on how best to physically approach John Paul II.

The point here is not so much that CIA analysts were mistaken. It is that they were so adamantly attached to the Soviets' innocence that, as far as they were concerned, any of their colleagues who thought otherwise *had no right to say so.* Even less did they have the right to apply the CIA cachet to such statements. Let us be clear: Such an attitude can only come from the belief that the right to speak on certain matters belongs only to the politically and socially correct.



Now let us turn to CIA's treatment of the Soviet Union. The CIA line has always been consistent with that of the best and the brightest in academe. Communism had lifted Russia out of poverty and into the top rank of industrial nations. Soviet prosperity was spartan but well distributed. A first-class public-health system served a population deeply in love with socialist security. Hence, the Soviet Union was politically solid, and President Reagan's talk about doing away with Communism was right-wing lunacy. Soviet military spending, like American military spending, took up about 6 per cent of GNP, but of a GNP roughly half that of the United States. Above all, the USSR would not violate arms-control agreements and would surely not equip itself to fight and win a nuclear war. Nevertheless, regardless of cost, the USSR could be counted on to rebuild its entire nuclear arsenal to beat an American anti-missile defense. Any American who thought otherwise was a warmonger.

CIA held this line despite massive contrary evidence. There was never a shortage of refugees and émigrés who painted the pictures of Soviet squalor that today are accepted uncritically, nor a shortage of eloquent voices (e.g., Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn) that said the regime was universally regarded as a monstrosity, and that it would collapse if ever people spoke the truth to one another. Nor was there a shortage of economists (one thinks of Henry Rowen and Charles Wolf) who were arguing that the Soviet GNP was less than a third of America's and that (William T. Lee and Steven Rosenfielde) over 25 per cent of it was devoted to the military. There was even a team, chosen by the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board and headed by Richard Pipes, that gave detailed evidence of how the aresnal the Soviets had impoverished themselves to build was designed to fight, survive, and win a nuclear war.

CIA stuck to its line not by defeating opposing arguments but by maligning those who made them. The refugees had "axes to grind." Solzhenitsyn was at best a dreamer and at worst a fascist. As for Pipes's team, CIA ran a campaign to discredit it with charges of "leaking." The consummation of CIA's work on the Soviet Union may be seen on August 1, 1991. Eighteen days before the Soviet Union died to practically universal cheers, George Bush went to Kiev to tell the Ukrainian people to be good Soviet citizens because the Soviet regime was reforming itself.

Never Wrong

ARE CIA analysts proud of their performance? The question is off the mark. They are proud of themselves for having been on the politically correct side of the issues. There is an old saying at CIA: "We may not always be right, but we're never wrong." This attitude has deep roots in the social composition of CIA analysts and in the way the analytical process has been organized.

Robin Winks's sociology of CIA recounts that when World War II came, "the coaches and the quarterbacks" of the nation's elite campuses went into espionage, while "the muscular athletes" went into special operations. "The weenies and the wimps," he writes, went into the Research and Analysis branch of the Office of Strategic Services. After the war, this overwhelmingly liberal group became the core of CIA analysts. The principal concern of this group was not so much providing expertise as gaining the bureaucratic prerogative to provide the basis for the U.S. Government's policies. A 1948 report by Allen Dulles, William Jackson, and Mathias Correa convinced President Truman to force all other government agencies to work under CIA to produce a single set of intelligence products on the most important issues. Thus protected from competition, this very peculiar group of people came to believe that, just as the Constitution is whatever the Supreme Court says it is, intelligence is whatever they say it is. During the height of their influence under the Carter Administration these analysts succeeded in calling themselves the National Foreign Assessment Center, as if no one else had a right to speak authoritatively on foreign matters. When outsiders dare to speak on the subject, the CIA Brahmins ridicule them. When an insider breaks ranks, they try to exorcise him.

The analysts' attacks on Robert Gates, which made no sense as intellectual arguments, make perfect sense as social claims to bureaucratic turf. Mr. Goodman says that Gates sent reports to the President that "in terms of their message were at variance with the views of the Directorate of Intelligence." Horror of horrors, Gates also made "a conscious attempt to provide uncoordinated information to the NSC." And again, "The analysts . . . were not consulted." Miss Glaudemans blames him for (gasp!) violating "an atmosphere and a culture." Gates did not "clearly distinguish what were his personal views and what were CIA or intelligence-community views." *Her* views, you see, were proper CIA views, while *his* were not. Harold Ford hit hardest: "Everyone's views were not listened to."

In January 1982 Robert Gates had read the riot act to CIA's senior analysts. He had chastised "analysts pretending to be experts who did not read the language of the country they covered . . . who were unfamiliar with its history or culture . . . and who argued that none of that mattered; flabby complacent thinking and questionable assumptions combined with an intolerance of others' views . . . verbose writing . . . and analysis that too often proved inaccurate or too fuzzy to judge whether it was ever right or wrong." Gates had also promised to compare each analyst's papers to actual events when deciding on salary raises.

So you see why Gates is unforgivable, and why the Gates hearings were a typical Washington foreign-policy fight: they had nothing to do with the outside world. You see also why the U.S. Government should begin to reform intelligence by sending most CIA analysts to contemplate their own importance at home, on their own time. ☐

The Presidency

GEORGE BUSH INTO THE BREACH

George Bush wields a mean veto, and the Constitution is the beneficiary.

TERRY EASTLAND

AMONG the least well reported aspects of the Bush Presidency are some very public acts: the President's responses to legislation presented for his signature. The President has vetoed 22 bills (no overrides), often sending detailed messages to Congress relating his objections. This fall he will add to his veto total: likely candidates include revised versions of the family-leave and civil-rights bills he has previously vetoed. More frequently, of course, he has approved bills—more than seven hundred so far—and on some of these occasions he has issued careful signing statements.

Taken together, his vetoes and his signing statements reveal a President who takes seriously his responsibilities as a constitutional officer. While more could be wished from Bush in terms of cogent public arguments designed to advance conservative political ends *before* Congress passes a law, his performance once Congress presents legislation for his signature is quite strong. Indeed, it is doubtful

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that any other President in modern times has used his opportunities to veto or approve legislation more conscientiously and effectively than Bush has. In this he has been well served by the Justice Department and White House Counsel Boyden Gray.

Article I, section 7, clause 2 of the Constitution says: "Every Bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it becomes a Law, be presented to the President of the United States; If he approves he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his Objections to the House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the Objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it."

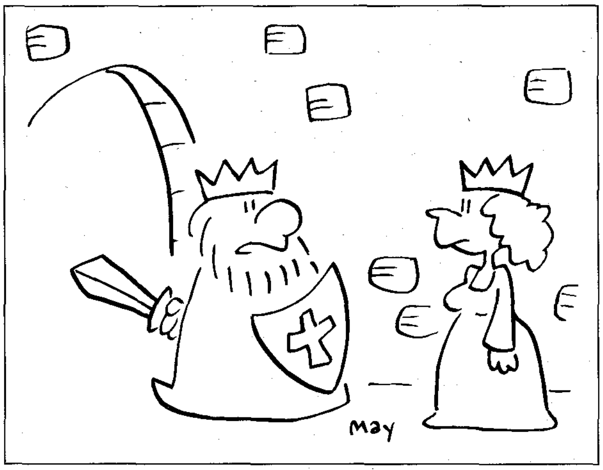
This is the "presentment" clause, and it contains the veto power, though it is not explicitly mentioned. "Return" was the Framers' public language for "veto," a term they avoided because of its association with the absolute veto of King George. The Constitution equipped the President with the qualified veto—qualified because it can be overridden by a two-thirds vote of both houses.

Presidents may veto legislation for policy or constitutional reasons, or both. Most vetoes in any Presidency will be of the strictly policy variety. The President's view may differ in kind (he wants to kill the legislation) or in degree (he accepts the idea of the legislation but not its present incarnation) or in part (he wants not all but some part of a bill).

Bush has proved adept at all three kinds of policy vetoes. He wanted to kill the family-leave bill "absolutely," as White House Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater put it, and indeed he did (in that session; he may have to slay it again this fall). On the other hand, agreeing with the general idea of raising the minimum wage but not with the amount Congress had legislated, he cast a veto that forced Congress to revise the wage downward. Finally, in the fall of 1989, Bush four times vetoed bills that were to his satisfaction except for their inclusion of provisions supporting abortion. The provisions never became law.

Bush also has used a policy veto to define the terms of public debate, no mean feat. I refer here to his branding last year's civil-rights legislation as a quota bill. A "civil-rights" bill is not necessarily that.

Awed by Bush's use of the veto, *U.S. News & World Report* commented last year that he has "the smartest, most successful veto strategy of any President in modern history," that he is "rewriting the book on presidential relations with Congress." The magazine didn't know the half of it. As notable as Bush has been in blocking or forcing reconsideration of bills he objects to on policy grounds, he is even more remarkable in his vetoes cast for constitutional reasons—vetoes unnoticed by *U.S. News*, and, indeed, by virtually all commentators on this subject. The President takes an oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution," and he would be derelict in his duty if he did not judge the constitutionality of the bills before him.



"I shouldn't be too long—just veto everything until I get back."

In Self-Defense

A PRESIDENT may object to a bill for two basic kinds of constitutional reasons. He may see the bill as intruding on his constitutional prerogatives; or he may see the bill as violating some other part of the Constitution. Bush has yet to exercise a veto for the second reason. But, as he observed in a recent speech at Princeton, already he has cast six bills in defense of his powers.

It was primarily for this reason that the Framers decided to equip the President with the veto. "The primary inducement to conferring the power in question upon the executive," wrote Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist*, "is to enable him to defend himself . . . against an immediate attack upon the constitutional rights of the executive." Lacking such a power, Hamilton wrote, the President would be "absolutely unable to defend himself against the depredations" of Congress. The importance of the self-defense veto lies in its essential relationship to separation of powers; a President who does not act to protect his powers may find them diminished by Congress.

The legislation Bush has vetoed in self-defense includes the bill regulating joint production of the FS-X fighter with Japan (he said it would "tie my hands in the exercise of my constitutional responsibilities"); the appropriations bill for foreign operations and export financing (it would "interfere with my constitutional authority to conduct the foreign relations of the United States"); and the foreign-relations authorization bill for 1990 and 1991 (it "threatens to subject to criminal investigation a wide range of entirely legitimate diplomatic activity, the authority and responsibility for which is vested in the executive branch by the Constitution").

Perhaps President Bush's most significant self-defense veto was cast against the Intelligence Authorization Act for 1991. In his veto message he zeroed in on a section of the bill defining "covert action" as any "request" by the United States to a foreign government or a private citizen to conduct a covert action on behalf of the United States. This provision, said Bush, "purports to regulate diplomacy by the President and other members of the executive branch" and could "seriously impair the effective conduct of our nation's foreign relations." Bush also took aim at a provision that conditioned specific presidential actions on prior approval by congressional committees. "This language," he said, "is clearly unconstitutional under the Presentment Clause of the Constitution." Tired of efforts by Congress to enact "legislative vetoes," which the Supreme Court struck down in a 1983 case, Bush added: "I again urge the Congress to cease including such unconstitutional provisions in bills presented to me for signature."

Too few Presidents have understood the importance of the self-defense veto. The legislation most threatening to the Presidency is the independent-counsel law. President Reagan reauthorized it in 1983 and again in 1987, hoping (in vain, as it happened) that the Supreme Court would strike it down. That law, by the way, will expire in late 1992 (a happy thought) unless Congress reauthorizes it; if independent-counsel legislation infringing on the President's prerogatives is presented to George Bush—and the chances are almost 100 per cent that it will be—he will have the chance to cast his most important veto.

Making It Stick

CREDIBLE veto threats are part of any effective veto Presidency. Unlike Reagan, Bush has used the veto in every instance in which his warnings have not resulted in changes he can accept. House Republican Vin Weber says that Reagan injudiciously threatened vetoes without casting them, whereas Bush has judiciously threatened and then deployed the veto. As a result, Bush's veto power is respected on Capitol Hill, and his threats have influence. A case in point: when, last spring, Bush threatened to veto an aid package for Nicaragua and Panama on account of an abortion-funding provision, Congress stripped it out, aware that just months earlier Bush had vetoed four bills in a row with similar provisions. "Read my lips" may have bit the dust, but not "no abortion funding."

Veto messages typically receive more (though not much) public attention than signing statements, which have been issued by Presidents going back to Andrew Jackson. That's unfortunate because Bush, according to students of the Presidency like Louis Fisher of the Library of Congress, has, far more systematically and meticulously than most other Presidents, reviewed the bills that arrive on his desk and stated his views of those he approves.

President Bush uses signing statements to speak directly to Congress and to his own Administration, and indirectly to courts, which may be called upon to interpret statutes. To Congress Bush has, among many other things, pointed out that what's in a committee report does not have the force of law. To his executive branch, Bush has discharged his constitutional duties to enforce the law and to supervise his subordinates (who do the enforcing) by providing guidance on a new statute's interpretation and implementation. Statutes, it bears noting, are not self-enforcing and thus require interpretation. And in the absence of presidential guidance, executive agencies may implement statutes according to their own lights. Bush seems to understand that in regard to executing the law, the President is best positioned to counter the modern tendency toward unaccountable government.

Most significantly, Bush has used signing statements to register constitutional reservations. By my count, Bush already has voiced more than one hundred constitutional reservations of one kind or another. Some are based on constitutional provisions that do not implicate his powers but which, of course, he is sworn to uphold. No fewer than six times, for example, has Bush said that a preference based on race or sex is in apparent conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment's equal-protection clause.

But most of Bush's constitutional reservations represent efforts to protect his own powers. He has objected to 19 provisions that would regulate his power to conduct negotiations with foreign nations, to 18 that would interfere with his authority to supervise the executive branch, to 12 that would compromise his authority to preserve the confidentiality of diplomatic, military, or intelligence information, to 10 that would regulate his power as Commander-in-Chief of the military forces, and to 7 that would tinker with his power to recommend legislation to Congress. Bush has even objected to a provision that would interfere with his power to receive foreign ambassadors. Bush has identified at least 18 provisions with "appointments" problems of one kind or another, and he positively, absolutely dislikes legislative vetoes: Every one that Congress has legislated Bush has damned as not having the force of law.

Relying on his constitutional duty to enforce the laws, including the Constitution, Bush invariably treats a legislative-veto provision as "severable" from the rest of the bill. When his constitutional objection is not so strong, he indicates that he will construe the provision in question as "advisory" or "precatory" only. Sometimes his objection is milder yet; Bush merely says that he will interpret a provision in the light of his constitutional responsibilities.

Bush's use of signing statements may provoke controversy, especially if he should take the step of "item vetoing" an unrelated rider in an appropriations bill or, even more so, vetoing an actual appropriation. At Princeton, Bush seemed ready to item-veto an unrelated rider when he observed that Congress "frustrates the President's constitutional role" when it "bundles up a series of unrelated measures and calls it a single bill." He also seemed friendly to the item-veto of a spending measure when he said some experts "believe that I already have that power under the Constitution."

Congressional Vortex

THOSE ISSUES may await. For the moment, it is clear that Bush's signing statements evince an impressive understanding of his legislative role, his role in administering the executive branch, and, most of all, his role as protector of the presidential office and defender of the Constitution. This last is especially important, given the anti-executive virus in the current Congress. Madison could have been writing with our time especially in mind when he said, "The legislative department is everywhere extending the sphere of its activity, and drawing all power into its impetuous vortex."

Bush's signing statements also invite reflection on whether he has been too timid with his veto power, notwithstanding his skillful use of it so far. At times Bush has expressed his constitutional views so strongly that it would seem he was duty-bound to return the legislation to Capitol Hill; the bills containing legislative vetoes are cases in point. So are some of those containing preferences for minorities and women.

But these are quibbles. Bush's performance once a bill is presented for his signature deserves good marks and indeed study by those who would some day be President. Now, if it were just possible to improve Bush's performance at the front end of the legislative process, to strengthen the content of his proposals and the public rhetoric in which he argues for them—if that were possible, then the legislative product of Congress, and President Bush, just might improve. ☐

Report from Rumania

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Rumania's experience shows that the most thorough revolutions are not the quickest ones.

FLORIN BICAN AND NOEL MALCOLM

THE RED QUEEN would feel strangely at home in Rumania, a place where distortion has become the accepted order of things. And only Lewis Carroll, surely, could have thought up the events of the last week of September, when the miners returned to the streets of Bucharest.

In June of last year, these same miners were channeled into Bucharest to crack down on the anti-government demonstration that had been going on for seven weeks in University Square. Rumania's "fragile" democracy, to use President Iliescu's term of endearment, was restored with not so fragile clubs and iron bars. During those days the miners were supplied with food and shelter by the government, and at the end they were publicly thanked by the president. Then, as soon as they were gone, the government denied having had anything to do with them, and commissioned an official inquiry which declared that the opposition parties had "provoked" the miners' rampage (which had included smashing up the opposition parties' headquarters). In the government media, the president avoided all blame and the opposition evaded all sympathy.

That was a curious state of affairs; but this September's return visit by the miners was curiouser and curiouser. This time it was the government—at least, the prime minister and his council of ministers—that the miners were trying to destroy, while members of the opposition stood (a little timidly) on the sidelines and applauded. The government media denounced these "grave disorders," referring not, as they had done last year, to "the workers," but to "aggressive groups in society." The state-run television carried long, sympathetic interviews in hospitals with people whose noses had been broken by the miners, showing a good deal more interest in such reportage than they had done in June 1990. And the government itself, having first of all denounced the miners as unreconstructed Communists, changed its mind after a day or two and blamed their visit on—yes, you've guessed—the opposition.

The Cheshire Cat

AS FOR President Iliescu's precise political position, the only thing you could still be sure of was his grin. For the miners' actions brought to a climax (whether by chance or by design) a long-running power struggle between him and his prime minister, Petre Roman. Rumor had it that Roman was planning to oust two of Iliescu's most trusty henchmen, the speakers of the Senate (Birladenau) and the Chamber of Deputies (Martsian). He was also apparently planning to eject Iliescu's right-hand man, Virgil Magureanu, from his position as head of the new Securitate, the so-called "Rumanian Information Service." Thanks to the miners, it was Roman who found himself ejected. No one could claim that the miners were under Iliescu's direct control this time (they called for his dismissal too), but in a curiously familiar fashion he seemed to end up with all of the advantage and none of the blame. But Roman, an intensely ambitious politician, is fighting back already, and may be the real gainer in the long run. In fact the only real loser is the democratic opposition, who have yet to realize that being sidelined is much more damaging in politics than being hit over the head.

How has this strange state of affairs come about? Again, one needs a Carrollian sense of logic. The reason why Rumania's plight is so much worse than that of neighboring countries such as Hungary or Czechoslovakia is that she, unlike they, had a revolution. In countries where power slipped gradually out of the Communists' hands, everyone could see who were the Communists and who were the forces of democratic reform. But in Rumania the change happened almost overnight: that is why so little changed. The same *apparatchiks* could come to work the next day, sit behind the same desks, and carry on in the same powerful but repressive non-jobs; the only difference was that now they were wearing revolutionary armbands and telling everyone, "Yes, we are with the revolution." It is difficult to kick out people who have been proclaiming themselves supporters of the revolution for just as long as you have—i.e., since last Friday.

President Iliescu, a former protégé and volleyball partner of Ceausescu, knew exactly how and when to sport his own revolutionary armband. On December 22, 1989, while Bucharest and many of the country's major cities were raked by gunfire, he announced that a "power vacuum" had occurred. His next step was to ease himself into the "vacuum" in the reliable company of his friends, and—hey, presto!—we have the first vacuum-packed government in history.

Vacuum-packing is a method for preserving things; and the status quo was preserved more thoroughly in Rumania than anywhere else. Only the names have been changed a little: instead of Communists we have "neo-Communists" or "reformed Communists"—a phrase uncomfortably reminiscent of reformed criminals. Reform of the latter is usually a laborious process taking a significant amount of time. And even so, the reformed criminals are not usually invited to run the prisons. Rumanian ex-Communists, still running the show by

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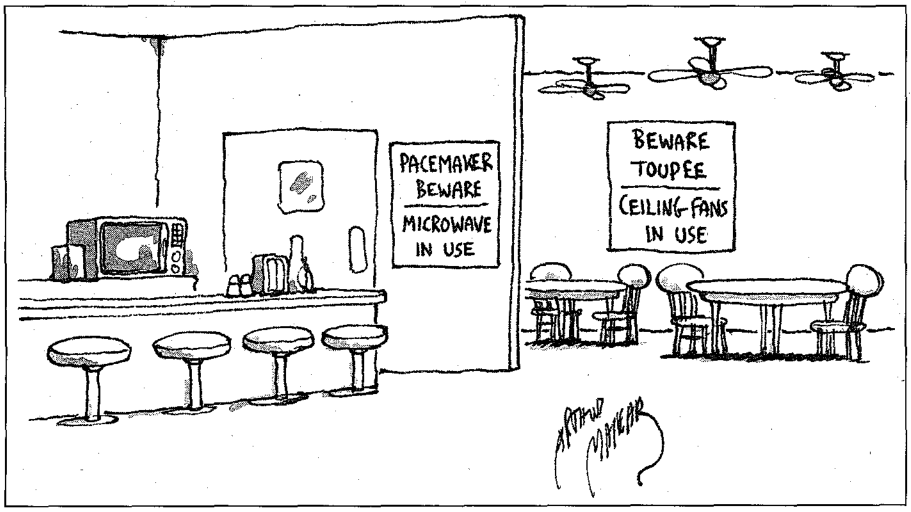
popular demand, certainly did not undergo such a process. On December 22, the very day of the so-called revolution, Iliescu sat in a TV studio and announced that Communism was a good thing spoiled by bad people. Later, the recording of this program was barred from being broadcast on the grounds that it would play into the hands of the opposition.



Unfortunately, whenever advantages are placed in the hands of the opposition they seem to get dropped or thrown aside. Ever since the elections in May of last year, when they were heavily defeated by Iliescu's intimidatory National Salvation Front, they have seemed increasingly disorganized. The National Liberal Party, one of the "historic" (i.e., pre-Communist) parties, is the most fragmentation-prone. Even before the May elections, it sprouted an offshoot, the "Liberal Union," which turned into a separate party. Then, after the elections, the "Youth Wing" of the National Liberals took off on its own. And meanwhile the leadership of the National Liberal Party has flirted with the idea of a coalition with the ruling Front—an idea which weakens the democratic opposition still further.

Early this year a new anti-Front organization was created, the Civic Alliance. It started as a non-political organization: its aim was to induce civic awareness in the people at large. The Alliance then started to mediate between the opposition parties, in an attempt to focus their resistance to the Front. This attempt being not entirely fruitful, the Civic Alliance converted itself into a political party, contributing yet another hue to the coat of many colors draped over shivering Rumania.

It is highly significant that the few dissidents Rumania formerly had are still dissidents. Rumania is almost the only Eastern European country where yesterday's dissidents are not today's presidents. It is also significant that most of these dissidents have joined the Alliance. According to one of the few reliable (i.e., non-government) opinion polls this summer, the Civic Alliance now has the support of 12 per cent, while the Front's ratings have slumped to 25 per cent. If the Front splits between the adherents of Roman and Iliescu, and if the Civic Alliance continues to gain in prestige (a prestige, however, which derives mainly from the fact that it has not engaged in active politics), it will be possible to imagine that at next spring's elections, the opposition could cobble together a working majority.

Pessimists will say that if confused individuals make up an alliance, it is bound to lead to proportionally greater confusion. The basic weakness of the opposition parties is that most ordinary voters do not understand how democratic politics works. After forty years of living under an unconstitutional regime, they are ill equipped to distinguish between the state and the government; they confuse opposition with disloyalty and parties with factions. All they can clearly understand is the nature of the power structures of ordinary life, which have changed so little: those same arms resting on the same desks, with or without the arm-bands. Even when the neo-Communist government has passed away, Rumania will still have the problem of a paleo-Communist population.

How can this problem be solved? One suggestion has come from the poet Mircea Dinescu, now chairman of the Writers' Union, but apparently doomed to eternal dissidence. His idea is that the best form of aid the West could give to Rumania would be to send hosts of psychiatrists to psychoanalyze the entire population. This is a reasonable solution, and one hopes that the West is lucky enough to have a sufficient number of underemployed psychoanalysts to do the job. But given the acute shortage of furniture in Rumania, the West will also have to supply the couches. □

Anti-Anti-Communists

WHY AREN'T THESE PEOPLE SMILING?

The genial Left has been aching for the end of the cold war—but not this way.

ARCH PUDDINGTON

JOHN Kenneth Galbraith has summed up the differences between capitalism and Communism with the line that capitalism features the exploitation of man by man, while under Communism the situation is just the reverse. This bit of cleverness has usually been employed on behalf of Galbraith's theory that the Soviet and American economic models were exhibiting increasing signs of "convergence." But it was also meant to ridicule the cold war. Why, Galbraith seemed to suggest, should intelligent men waste their talents in an absurd conflict over competing economic systems, each with its obvious imperfections and inequities?

Is it churlish to remind the world of the infamous—or, in Galbraith's case, silly—opinions expressed by the democratic world's progressive intellectuals on the subject of Communism? Not really, given the role they will play in shaping the post-Communist foreign-policy debate. Galbraith, for example, having been wrong, wrong, and wrong again about the Soviet economy, is even today cautioning the Russians and others against putting too much faith in the market.

Galbraith's views were shared by most of America's liberal intellectuals and foreign-policy specialists, as well as those of a more leftward bent. Mainly the critics of the cold war were concerned with Washington, not Moscow. The cold war, they claimed, did not entail a commitment to the spread of freedom, but rather signified, in the words of Ronald Steel, "numerous interventions conducted in the tired vocabulary of anti-Communism, . . . the sacrifice of . . . unmet needs to an insatiable war machine, and . . . the deliberate deceit practiced by [America's] leaders."

Written in the aftermath of the Vietnam War, Steel's words remind us that over the past twenty years victory over Communism did not figure prominently among the priorities of the intellectual elite. For in the ideal scenario, the final chapter of the superpower conflict was not to have brought unilateral Soviet surrender, but rather some sort of mutual accommodation which would leave both systems more or less intact. Thus where once it was smugly proclaimed that Mikhail Gorbachev's reform course had deprived Western anti-Communists of their life's passion, it now seems that those encountering the most difficult adjustment to the cold war's winding down may be those who opposed the cold war all along.

The refrain of the late socialist leader Michael Harrington was: "We are not naïve about the Soviet Union." In fact, a measure of willful naïveté was necessary if one was actively to promote a policy of American global disengagement. For it was well understood that public support for détente would be forthcoming only if the Soviet Union was perceived as less brutal and less imperialistic than was actually the case. The Soviet leadership proved the biggest obstacle to this effort. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's pronouncement that Presidents Carter and Brezhnev had "similar dreams and aspirations" was repeatedly mocked by reports of poets being packed off to mental hospitals, the production of more and more accurate missiles, or the presence of Soviet tanks and advisors in some wretched Third World country.

The real crime of the apostles of disengagement was the unwillingness to engage in a reassessment of their world view in the light of Soviet rigidity, Communist global gains, and the retreat of democracy in the immediate post-Vietnam era. Indeed, Communist triumph provoked ever more tortured alibis for the Kremlin's internal totalitarianism and global aggression.

We were told that the sole purpose of Brezhnev's military buildup was to achieve parity with the U.S., an objective that was justified because Russia had so often been the victim of foreign invasion. In expanding its influence in the less developed countries, the USSR, it was said, was only doing what the U.S. had done in the past; as George Kennan observed, it was absurd to think that the Soviets could ignore the pleas of fraternal socialist regimes given their position as leader of the world Communist movement.

By the time the Red Army had

ANOTHER REAGAN GAFFE

ANTI-COMMUNISM is now cool: *viz.*, the headline in the August 25 *New York Times*: "Across East Europe to Moscow, the Trail of Freedom Reaches Tyranny's Epicenter." Not so long ago, liberals excoriated Ronald Reagan for making such judgments in his "evil empire" speech:

"Soviet Communism is 'the focus of evil in the modern world,' he said, and those who favor a mutual freeze on new nuclear weapons ignore 'the aggressive instincts of an evil empire.'

"If there is anything that should be illegitimate in the American system, it is such use of sectarian religiosity to sell a political program. . . . Yet I wonder how many people, reading about the speech or seeing bits on television, really noticed its outrageous character. Our political sensibilities have become so degraded.

"Primitive. That is the only word for it."

—Anthony Lewis, the *New York Times*, March 10, 1983

"Mr. Reagan went down South the other day and denounced the Soviet Union as an 'evil empire,' . . . Aside from this dubious mixture of religion and politics, this didn't seem to the State Department to be the best way to get the Russians to compromise in Geneva on control of nuclear weapons."

—James Reston, the *New York Times*, March 16, 1983

"Reagan applied a chainsaw to diplomacy by announcing in Orlando, Florida, that the Soviet Union is 'the focus of evil in the modern world' and 'an evil empire.' This was a return to a 1981 outburst that the Soviets are liars and cheats. Both preachments lower his thinking to the level of Ayatollah Khomeini."

—Colman McCarthy, the *Washington Post*, March 27, 1983

"Can we trust a man who told the National Association of Evangelicals . . . 'there is sin and evil in the world and we are enjoined by Scripture and the Lord Jesus to oppose it with all our might'? Those who advocate a mutual freeze on new nuclear weapons, he said, 'ignore the aggressive instincts of an evil empire.'

"It is not my purpose to point out that this sounds like a prescription for holy war, . . . The question is whether the President can keep confidence at home and abroad with this kind of primitive prose and apocalyptic symbolism."

—*The New Republic*'s then-TRB, Richard Strout, April 11, 1983

—Mark Cunningham

rolled into Kabul and the Sandinistas had declared America the "enemy of mankind," a revised line of reasoning had to be elaborated. A few complained that the hostile U.S. stance was denying the USSR the world stature which was its right. Stephen F. Cohen, for example, drummed home the notion of a "parity principle" by which he meant a co-equal role for the Soviets in settling political problems all over the globe. Incredibly, there were those who contended that a policy of restraint was needed given the Kremlin's awesome military might and the prospect that conflict in some Third World outpost might escalate to full-scale atomic war—a policy, in other words, of flat-out appeasement.

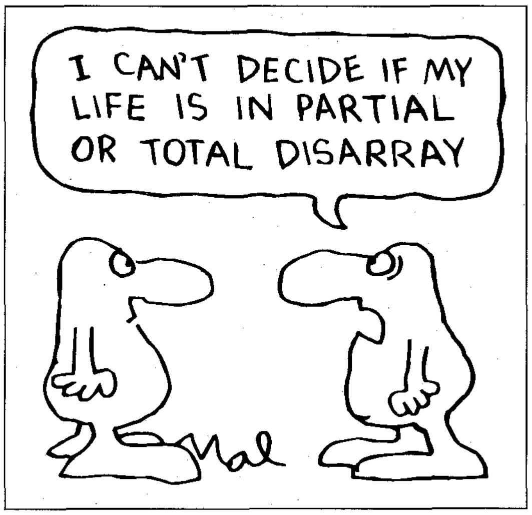
High-Wire Act

HERE INDEED was a dizzying high-wire act. For it mattered hardly at all whether the advocates of disengagement saw the Soviet Union as ideologically relaxed and uninterested in expanding the empire, or as an increasingly unpredictable military juggernaut. The advice to the American government was always the same: Don't overreact.

Another obstacle faced by the anti-cold-war brigade was the utter failure of the Communist ideology to mellow. The appalling abuse of psychiatry revealed, or should have revealed, a quite stunning attitude of official contempt toward Western standards of humane behavior. George Kennan allowed as how under Stalin dissidents would have been shot, not merely given a prison sentence. Richard Barnet, of the Institute for Policy Studies, was one among many who insisted that the Soviet people were more concerned with economic and social guarantees than with personal liberty.

Others cautioned against giving too much credence to the views of the dissidents. True, the Marchenkos, Bukovskys, and Solzhenitsyns were to be admired for their personal courage. But, after all, they were embittered individuals, prone to exaggeration about the level of popular discontent and overly hopeful about the prospects for Russian democracy. Stephen Cohen suggested that the dissidents were less in touch with the views of ordinary Russians than the local Party secretaries. Some were even harsher. Sovietologist Jerry Hough, whose reputation for eccentricity is often due to a willingness to say publicly what others assert sotto voce (he recently characterized Boris Yeltsin as a fascist), once stated that Soviet dissidents had no more influence on their society than Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman had on American society.

In fact, Russian intellectuals like Amalrik, Bukovsky, and Solzhenitsyn clearly understood something which eluded most Western experts, and that is that Communism was unreformable and could not be changed through incremental steps. The dissidents functioned as expert witnesses on behalf of the theory of Communism as a totalitarian system quite different in nature from traditional dictatorships like Chile's. Their testimony carried the power of personal experience, devastating in its unique insight into the psychological repercussions of life under state socialism.


I CAN'T DECIDE IF MY LIFE IS IN PARTIAL OR TOTAL DISARRAY
Mal

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Not surprisingly, the dissident message was unwelcome to the proponents of détente. Yet rather than engaging in a frontal attack, they carried out a disgraceful rear-guard campaign designed to discredit the dissidents through accusations of incipient fascism, Russian chauvinism, or anti-Semitism.

One source of particular distress was the dissidents' assertion that socialism was in practice antithetical to human nature. The great leftist illusion, after all, was that socialism had never really been tried, that fledgling attempts to realize the socialist dream had been strangled by a combination of Stalinist brutality and American hegemonic bullying. Indeed, a few continued to find positive aspects in the Soviet experience. One year after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Richard Barnet could write that revolution, "for all its brutality, has had some spectacular successes." He cited the "rapid modernization of Russia," "the end of massive starvation in China," and Cuban literacy efforts as examples of "what regimentation and the shake-up of an old corrupt order can do." The Reverend William Sloane Coffin once described Communism as a "page out of the Bible," and described as a "real indictment of Christians" our failure to equal the achievements in "social justice" found in China and Vietnam.

Now that Communism has been swept aside, there will be a temptation to excuse the excuses as a kind of intellectual victimless crime. This would be a mistake, for the fudging, evasions, and downright duplicity contributed to the weakening of a number of important American institutions, and may even have played a role in extending the Soviet system's life.

The Democratic Party and, more generally, American politics, must be counted as among the chief casualties of anti-anti-Communism. It was, after all, leading members of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, cold-war enthusiasts to a man, who changed their minds and provided establishment credentials to the anti-cold-war stance hitherto limited to marginal intellectuals like Noam Chomsky. The party itself, from the precinct level up, fell victim to an isolationist virus which—more than any other single factor, including race—influenced the Democrats' decline as a national party. That the Democrats came to regard George McGovern as a respected elder statesman (the "conscience" of the party) despite his apologetics for the Soviet subjugation of Eastern Europe, while treating Scoop Jackson as something of a menace for his anti-Soviet philosophy, indicates the depths of the party's retreat since John F. Kennedy's "Bear any burden, pay any price." Unfortunately, the party's impulse in dealing with its waning fortunes has not been to un-

(Continues on page 60)

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Speed of Knowledge

PAUL JOHNSON

THE FAT BOY says to the Old Aunt in *The Pickwick Papers*, "I wants to make your flesh creep." That is the object of the writers of this book, who predict that the 1990s will be marked by a deep, worldwide depression. They think it will be of the same magnitude of the slump which began with the crash of 1929, perhaps even bigger. They also point out, and this is the really flesh-creeping bit, that the United States society of the 1920s, which was unable to prevent the slump, was in many respects both morally and economically stronger than the United States society of the 1990s.

Let us look more closely at this last point. In the 1920s, the authors remind us, the United States was the world's largest creditor country. The Federal Government ran a budget surplus each year and reduced the national debt by a third during the decade. It had few long-term liabilities that were unfunded. The U.S. ran a large trade surplus. Productivity rose by 50 per cent in the decade. The country saved hard and invested hard. It had low inflation and low interest rates. Big corporations were largely self-financing and cash-rich. There was little bad foreign debt. Unemployment was low; half the population was cushioned against recession by farm ownership and rural occupations. Government was small, military spending minute. Public expectations of what government could do for them were low too, and so were taxes. Families were large and provided support systems. Despite Prohibition and its side-effects, society was law-abiding.

The Great Reckoning: How the World Will Change in the Depression of the 1990s, by James Dale Davidson and William Rees-Mogg (Summit Books, 300 pp., $22)

By contrast, the United States of the 1990s, the authors argue, is desperately vulnerable on all these heads. It is the world's largest debtor, leading a mendicant crowd of foreign defaulters, much of whose worthless paper it holds. Its national debt has increased three and a half times in the last decade, it possesses only 9 per cent of the world's gold (as opposed to 50 per cent in the 1920s), it is running massive federal budget deficits, and it has unfunded liabilities of about $14 trillion. During the 1980s "it ran the largest trading deficit of any nation in the history of the world." It has low savings, low investment, stagnant productivity, disquietingly high inflation, high interest and mortgage rates, and high unemployment. It is overwhelmingly urban and thus more cripplingly exposed to depression. Its firms are loaded with debt. Its government spends a much higher proportion of GNP than in 1929, employs 21.2 per cent of the work force (as opposed to 10 per cent in 1929), takes 36.8 per cent of personal incomes in taxes (as opposed to 13 per cent) and has increased transfer payments, at all levels, by 29,000 per cent. This means that many more people are far more dependent on government just to get by. Old-style families, with both husband and wife living with their children under the same roof, now form the minority, and the family as a mutual support system is in rapid decline.

Janet Hamlin

Not least, crime is frequent and ubiquitous. The authors take Dodge City in 1871, "where there was essentially no police or justice system at all," as the archetype of lawlessness in American history. Yet its murder rate was only half that of the nation's capital, Washington, D.C., in 1990, a rate of 80 per 100,000 annually, meaning that your chances of being murdered over a lifetime in the city are about 1 in 16. Indeed, among children under 12, murder is now the leading cause of death in Washington.

On this last point, it is not entirely clear why high crime rates, especially murder, should make a depression more likely or more severe. Traditionally, it has been assumed that widespread and unpunished dishonesty must militate against a healthy economy. But this may be an Anglo-Saxon Protestant prejudice, rather than a demonstrable fact. One of the countries which has prospered mightily in the last half-century is Italy, at least if you judge by general living standards. When I first toured it in 1948, it was penniless, almost starving, swarming with ragged beggars. Now it has a higher GNP than Britain's and affluence has spread even to the once-destitute south. But a silent feature of this upsurge has been the growth of an immense "black" economy, operating largely outside the law and certainly outside any tax system. Gangsterism of every kind has been growing rapidly. The special anti-Mafia commissioner recently told the parliament in Rome: "Whole provinces of Italy and Sicily are now beyond the law." Yet rapid growth continues. I do not know how Adam Smith, or Alfred Marshall, or even Lord Keynes, would have explained this phenomenon of the GNP and crime expanding *pari passu*. Maybe that clever fellow John Ken-

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Mr. Johnson is the author of numerous books, most recently The Birth of the Modern: World Society 1815–1830 *(HarperCollins).*

neth Galbraith can account for it: private crime brings public affluence, perhaps. It could be that, in certain types of highly bureaucratic societies, men and women, by conducting their transactions outside the law—or even against the law—make them more efficient simply by eliminating the government's cut. It could even be that criminals are less wasteful, in economic terms, than civil servants. If so, the moral implications are devastating.

However, all that is a digression. The main point is this: Why is it that the alarming facts which Messrs. Davidson and Mogg present, and which I do not dispute, fail to make my flesh creep? I can answer in one word: information. The most valuable thing in life, more valuable than material or even human resources, is knowledge. And we have more of it than ever before, and more rapid access to it. We cannot avoid economic crises because they arise inevitably from the interaction of market capitalism and human nature. But we learn from them. The panics of 1819, 1837, 1857, 1873, 1883, 1893, 1907, 1929, and 1973 each left a different impression on the human memory and were followed by remedial measures, which became part of the corrective system. That is why Marx's prophecy that the crises would get bigger and bigger, until the final one destroyed capitalism completely, has not been fulfilled. On the contrary it is Communism that has experienced a final crisis, and expired. It lacked information and any self-correcting mechanism.

There is, to be sure, a singularity about 1929–33, when the lessons of the past were deliberately ignored. The wise advice of Andrew Mellon, Secretary to the Treasury, that the policy should be to "liquidate labor, liquidate stocks, liquidate the farmers, liquidate real estate" and so "purge the rottenness from the economy"—in other words, let recession rip—was disregarded. First Herbert Hoover, then Franklin Roosevelt tinkered with the economy, and so prolonged the sickness. On the other hand, the kind of stock-market malpractices which allowed the build-up to 1929 were outlawed. We have learned a good deal more since, especially from the crises of 1973–74 and 1987. All these convulsions can be studied and the danger signals they exhibit extrapolated and put to use. That is why, when I lecture to senior executives in various parts of the world, I always tell them: "Do not bother with economics. You will learn nothing from it. Read economic history, and think about it."

Moreover, and this is still more comforting, our information is improving all the time. As Thomas Sowell has taught, we have to think of the market as a gigantic information system, which tells us the true cost of anything, anywhere, at any time. The larger and more perfect the market, and the fewer the barriers imposed by government to the free functioning of its transactions, the more accurate that information will be, and therefore the more efficient the decisions based upon it. The movement toward a world market, which has been proceeding for nearly half a century, and which will accelerate with the collapse of collectivism, has steadily improved the quality of the information we now receive; and electronic technology means we can get it, and react to it, much faster than ever before. That is the principal reason, in my analysis, why the efficiency of advanced economies outpaces even the growing profligacy of their peoples and governments. Knowledge does not allow us to avoid crises, and probably never will; but it forewarns us of them and makes them containable; it speeds up our ability to move out of them too.

Having said that, however, I think this book should be widely and carefully read by businessmen. It collects together a great deal of important and fascinating historical material, together with much practical information, including lists of "troubled banks" and "sound banks." It contains many shrewd *aperçus*, and even some wisdom. In short, we should listen to what the Fat Boy has to say. But, unlike the Old Aunt, we should not have hysterics. Capitalism has always proved a lot sounder than the figures suggest. □

Poetic Charm

MATTHEW SCULLY

Woodrow Wilson, by August Heckscher (Scribner's, 752 pp., $35)

THIS biography does not alter one's impression of Woodrow Wilson as a figure by turns noble and ridiculous, another of history's heroic failures. Wilson, the standard verdict goes, could not accept the world on its own distasteful terms and therefore was taken in by shrewder men like Lloyd George and Clemenceau. His lofty preoccupation with creating "a new order of international relations" allowed his more practical-minded counterparts at Versailles to exact hard terms from Germany—prostrate at the time, but bound sooner or later to seek vengeance. Back from Paris, he needlessly antagonized Senator Lodge and company, who opposed ratification of the Versailles treaty, dooming his cherished League of Nations and with it the last chance for a stable peace.

August Heckscher pretty much accepts this judgment. But by way of mitigating evidence, he describes in this judicious, well-written, and often amusing portrayal—only half of which deals with his Presidency—the subtleties of personality that are obscured by our newsreel caricature of the man.

For whatever else might be said of Woodrow Wilson, he was not one to be dismissed lightly. If he appeared ridiculous at times—the stern, forbidding don in the starched collar and pince-nez—he was ridiculous in the Lear-like way that great men sometimes are. He was never merely laughable. And most refreshing of all, one senses from this account, Wilson was the rare politician who before seeking greatness in high office sought goodness in himself. "To *deserve* distinction is far worthier than distinction itself," his father, Joseph Wilson, wrote him during his college days. He seems to have remained faithful to that maxim.

Words, Wilson realized early on, were his gift, and, as with others to whom eloquence is given, the impulse to use it often preceded the need. In boyhood, we learn, he could be found practicing the art of address from the

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Mr. Scully is NR*'s Assistant Literary Editor.*

pulpit of his father's empty Presbyterian church in Augusta, Georgia, preparation for the great deeds and causes that lay ahead. From this training came Wilson's somber rhetoric, stilted sometimes, but other times so moving that listeners would actually weep. Copies of his his speeches were quickly circulated, and children were inspired to keep scrapbooks chronicling the President's doings and utterances (my grandmother's is a touching relic of the era). But the pulpit rehearsals also instilled in Wilson that facility for transforming every political quarrel into a morality play of Biblical gravity, with himself as delivering angel.

The idea of a young man consciously preparing himself for political fame is off-putting. Yet Wilson was not the familiar Young Man in a Hurry. True, we do find him conceding in a letter to "very pronounced political ambitions." Further, a notebook from about 1875 bears the calligraphic inscription, "Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Senator from Virginia." His political essays are less often reflections on man, his nature, the proper ends of government, etc., than reverential tributes to "the Statesman" and the virtues such a benefactor of humanity must cultivate—chiefly eloquence to "invest all plans of national policy with a poetic charm." And with a similarly ambitious boyhood chum, Charles Talcott, we find "Tommy" joining in a solemn pledge "to become Leaders of Men." (Talcott entered Congress in 1911 —apparently reneging on the pact.)

As self-serving as these ambitions seem—the more familiar in their threadbare garb of altruistic endeavor—it would be unfair to depict Wilson as an early Mario Cuomo cultivating "poetic charm" and supposing himself marked off by destiny to lord it over others. A lifetime of letters and diaries—quoted copiously by Mr. Heckscher—suggests on the contrary a guileless fellow, earnest, pompous but innocently so, full of ambition but also good will and at least a scrap of humility. He was unselfconscious enough to record in a diary entry: "Loafed today"; introspective enough to write to his wife after an unintended slight: "I pray God you will understand, and will see truly all the strange guises I weave about myself." Life brought enough disappointments and trials to knock some of the stuffing out of Wilson; and, Mr. Heckscher writes, "wherever he was, personal prayer and regular reading of the Bible formed part of his daily existence." One suspects this is what saved him from the fatal vanity to which would-be Leaders of Men are prone.

Rare for an intellectual, Wilson by all accounts treated the people around him decently, not as useful bit players in the all-important drama of his own rise to prominence. Loving parents left their mark (imagine a father today beginning a letter, "My precious son, my precious friend"); and so, with his marriage to Ellen Axson, Wilson too became a gentle father, and their houses at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan, and

RANDOM NOTES

■ Dog Bites Man. It's embarrassing. I'm reading the *New York Times* (that's not what's embarrassing—well, not *mortifying*), and there at the bottom of Thursday's front page is *yet another* puff piece for the book biz. Have Punch and Pinch and Max no shame? Last time, the Big Book Blast began on page one, and the dust-jacket photo (*Nancy Reagan*, by Kitty Kelley) was tucked away inside, but the pic of the dreadful *Scarlett: The Sequel to Margaret Mitchell's Gone with the Wind* by Alexandra Ripley was right there, A1, big as you please, beneath the story of the coup in Haiti. *Gone with the Wind Sequel/An Astonishing Best Seller* was the headline, and the story's lead was a fairly panting description of how "astonished" the publisher (Warner Books) is, and how the book's sales velocity is considered "dramatic" by those in charge of the *New York Times* best-seller list. I'm thinking: Well, this is a cozy little tale, when I read, "Continued on Page C24, Column 4." So I pull out the Home section, but as I start to flip to 24 my eye falls on the C1 headline: "Tara, the Myth, Lives on in America's Suburbs." What's this? There's a photo of David O. Selznick's famous ante-bellum plantation house, and in the first paragraph a mention of *GWTW*. And, yes, the first sentence of paragraph 2 begins: "Alexandra Ripley, author of . . ." And I think: Ah, Thursday's Theme Day at the *New York Times*. Yet when I read the SportsThursday story about the youth of the NL West–leading Atlanta Braves I find no mention of Tara, Mitchell (not Margaret, not Thomas), or A. Ripley. That's odd. And, if you can believe it, nowhere in Business Day can I find word one about Ted Turner, or sales of the Fiftieth Anniversary Edition videocassette of that Gable/Leigh vehicle he now owns. You call this Theme Day?

But I haven't even noted the *really* embarrassing thing, which was, apparently, news not fit to print. Sure, as the story *did* say, the book is hot (five hundred thousand sold, twice that in print), and, yes, reviewers have been less than kind; you might even say vicious (the *Times'* own Janet Maslin—a film critic—called the book "disastrous"). But I don't know how one can write about Warner, *Scarlett*, and reviewers, yet fail to mention that the first did not send copies of the second to the third until finished books were already in bookstores. The usual practice is to provide "bound proofs" to review media one to three months in advance of the pub date in order to give us book editors time to assign a reviewer and to get back his copy in time for publication on or about that pub date. Warner, obviously fearing its $5-million investment was at risk, cynically—and, let it be said, cagily—decided to deprive critics of their accustomed role as the DEW line of consumer judgment. Warner prexy Larry Kirschbaum, no doubt suppressing laughter, told the *New York Times*: "The reviews have hurt our pride but not our sales." Tears must have been welling up in his eyes—how hard it must have been to keep from bursting into guffaws—as he went on: "Word of mouth has been good."

What was the *Times* up to? Was the same-day appearance of front-page and C1 stories plugging Miss Ripley just an occult coincidence? Was the *Times* ashamed of giving the book to a movie reviewer, and then boldly publishing her attack across the bottom of its Weekend section, instead of on its pallid book page? Was October 3 just another "slow news day"? Or was the *Times* simply trying, rather gracelessly, to boost the sagging image of its best-seller list? —Brad Miner finally Princeton, havens to any number of drifting friends or down-on-their-luck relations. Despite a reputation for haughtiness, Wilson was the rare success who understood failure, as in the case of a sibling, Josie, whose hard lot it was to be Woodrow Wilson's not especially gifted brother (and who, after a series of loans and failed projects, vanished).

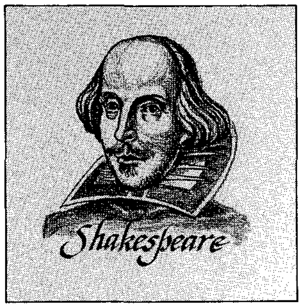
The women in Wilson's life inspired no less a sage than Sigmund Freud to co-author a tract asserting that the President's moral fervor was a clear case of Oedipal frustration, sublimated sexual urges, and the rest. A less jaded view, and happily that of Mr. Heckscher, sees an unselfish mother and father, a grateful son, and between Woodrow and Ellen a rare romance. (Although in his prompt remarriage to Edith Galt and other evidence, one does sense a certain interchangeability in the objects of his ardor.) "I am so glad that I am young and that I can give my youth to you," he writes to Ellen in 1883; she replying that the artistic career she once longed for was nothing "as compared with the privilege of loving and serving you and the blessedness of being loved by you." Answering her fiance's suggestive taunt that if he'd stayed overnight on a New York lecture tour, the city's carnal lures might well have been overpowering, she hits back with just the right touch: "I am very sorry you did *not* stay in New York. I am *perfectly sure*, dear, that nothing dreadful would have happened."

Alas, late in their marriage something dreadful did happen, a brief affair in New York with Mary Peck, a divorcee Wilson had met in Bermuda, in 1909. Mr. Heckscher handles this peck of trouble delicately enough, though it does not make the reading any less depressing when he suggests the episode was an expression of the "New Freedom" Wilson felt welling up inside. "Romantic refreshment"—Mr. Heckscher's term—is not a good synonym for adultery, as indeed Wilson himself understood when he sought and found forgiveness ("Dear, *dear* heart, I love you, I adore you, in fact I'm mad about you," Ellen could still write in 1914, the year of her death). Nor does the incident suggest a "liberation" in his emotional life soon to reinvigorate his political outlook. It betrays, if anything, a weary and uncharacteristic cravenness.

Feeling his energies were being wasted in Princeton's endless academic squabbles, Wilson, when the call finally came in the 1910 New Jersey governor's race, was a Statesman in search of a state. A self-described "activist by disposition," he quickly overcame doubts about political power (the history of liberty "is the history of the limitation of government") and with his New Freedom launched the careers of other activists by disposition like FDR and Brandeis, models in turn to men arrogant by disposition like Lyndon Johnson and William O. Douglas.

After 630 pages *Woodrow Wilson* fades out with the image of its broken, sick, half-paralyzed, peevish, defeated subject sitting alone in his White House bedroom watching films of his triumphant European welcome just two years earlier, with wife Edith padding quietly about while busily overseeing the nation's affairs. At night he had Scripture read to him, usually requesting II Corinthians 4:8-9: "We are

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES...We don't!

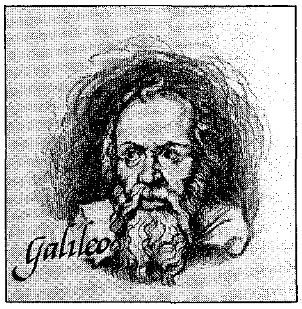


Romantic love — royal government — theory and practice of tragic, comic, and lyric poetry.

Teacher: Wm. Shakespeare

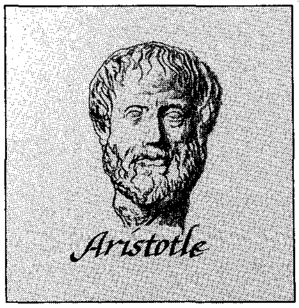
Natural law and natural rights — American constitution — theory of republican government.

Teacher: A. Lincoln



Kinematics — strength of materials — natural philosophy.

Teacher: G. Galilei



Ethics — politics — physics — poetics — metaphysics.

Teacher: Aristotle

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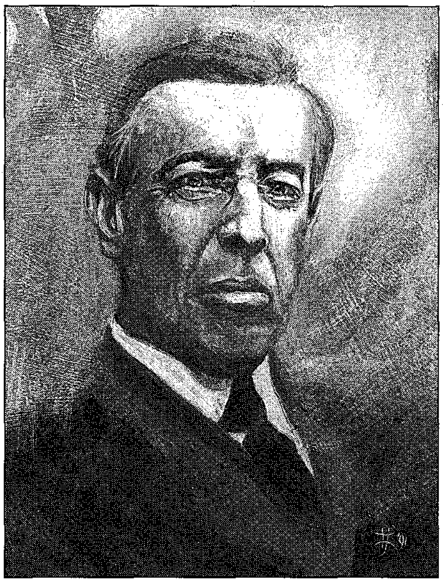
troubled on every side, but not in despair . . ."

To say that he had brought this fate on himself, chasing after the false grail of universal peace, is not quite fair, as Mr. Heckscher rightly contends. But it comes close enough. From the book's earliest scenes—Wilson eagerly drafting new constitutions for his various college clubs and debating societies, even one for the baseball squad, and later trying to draw up new plans for Princeton—one begins to sense the reigning error of his life: too much confidence in structures of power. He perceived the ominous depravity of the war, and responded bravely. But he succumbed to the international jurist's solution—conferences, carefully crafted treaties, appeals to the opinion of mankind—as if the wicked could be held in check by a combination of his own eloquence and Robert's Rules of Order.

"If I were not a Christian I think I should go mad," Mr. Heckscher quotes Wilson as saying in 1924, just before his death. And in this spirit it's nice to read that, even as president of Princeton, amid the addresses and projects and rows, he continued to give weekly talks in chapel. But in his political rhetoric the religious allusions came too readily—"a New Covenant," Democracy's sword flashing "as if it carried the light of Heaven upon its blade"—and his Scriptural invocations were invariably words of encouragement or solace to the politically embattled, seldom softened with calls to humility. If in his great life he ever gave a talk on the theme "My Kingdom is not of this world" or "Put not your trust in princes," the moment went unrecorded. □


Leonard Leone, Jr.

The Real War

ROBERT ELEGANT

THE KOREAN WAR is as far removed in time from us today as the Spanish–American War was from the outbreak of World War II, and one would think that by now all the loose ends would be neatly tied up, snipped, and sealed. Yet we are still assailed by books and documentaries referring to the "mystery war," the "unknown war," the "enigma war," the "forgotten war," and so on. Revisionist and re-revisionist historians have had a fine time spreading doubt and mystification where little or none previously existed, certainly if measured against the confusion all wars normally generate. There is, therefore, a need for a new comprehensive account, and John Toland has provided it.

In Mortal Combat: Korea, 1950–1953, by John Toland (Morrow, 624 pp., $25)

In Mortal Combat is a triumphant vindication of the often derided technique of recreating history by the paper-and-ink equivalent of brief film clips with voice-overs by hundreds of participants in a great event. The hypothetical average reader should emerge from its more than six hundred pages with a graphic view of the war America sometimes seems to want to put out of mind. Participants in the conflict will smell again the cordite and the napalm, the paddy fields dunged with human manure, the rotting rice, the salt tang of octopus drying on plaster-and-lath houses.

Why has the first declared war fought under the United Nations' flag, the conflict that was a precursor of American involvement in Vietnam, been subjected to so many attempts to render it mysterious? Mystery means more work for historians, of course. But, beyond that obvious advantage, many Americans appear to want to forget Korea; not in shame, albeit manufactured, as with Vietnam, but in annoyance.

Korea was not easy to understand. It looked at the end like a defeat to Americans accustomed to total victory—at the very least, a standoff. It did not fulfill America's expectation that her enemies would be vanquished unconditionally.

Korea was the first limited war the U.S. fought. For the first time, diplomatic and psychological gains were thought more important than holding or taking ground. It was also the first war in which the enemy mustered all the weapons of psychological warfare—and sowed doubt on the homefront, though not the total confusion and consequent revulsion that won the Vietnam War for Hanoi.

Korea was actually rather clear cut, as Mr. Toland demonstrates despite occasionally yielding to the temptation to engage in mock-profound analysis of international issues like the Sino-Soviet relationship, which he does not fully understand. He does make it brilliantly clear that Korea lifted the curtain on the great drama of the latter twentieth century. That war began the struggle that ended recently when the curtain fell on the totalitarian, expansionist enemy.

There is little question today that the "Chinese People's Volunteers" were sent into Korea (as the UN forces under General MacArthur surged north to the Chinese border) because Peking feared an invasion of Manchuria. There is hardly any question that Stalin approved, indeed sponsored, the initial invasion of the South by North Korea, as Mr. Toland graphically shows. Nor is there much question that the Chinese "Volunteers," possessed by the same vainglory that had led MacArthur to overcommit his forces, then strove to unite all Korea under Communist rule.

Yet Mr. Toland gets himself tangled in a complex, ultimately pointless argument about whether China and the USSR, with North Korea, were actually planning world conquest. Of course they were, as witness the drumfire of revolts that swept Asia (including Korea) in 1948, the year

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Mr. Elegant is the author of Pacific Destiny: Inside Asia Today *(Crown/Avon).*

also of the Berlin blockade. Although their motivation and purpose were obvious, at the time the pattern of their actions was not crystal clear. In fact, they were intelligent opportunists, receding when meeting opposition, and advancing when opposition was weak, as Chairman Mao Tse-tung had taught.

It was, however, completely clear who was calling the shots or, at the very least, presiding over the discussions that coordinated Communist policy. Having allowed the UN Security Council to create the international force by his absence in 1950, Yakov Malik of the Soviet Union returned the following year to propose peace talks. Not remarkably, Peking and Pyongyang agreed within days. Yet final agreement was not attained until after Stalin's death.

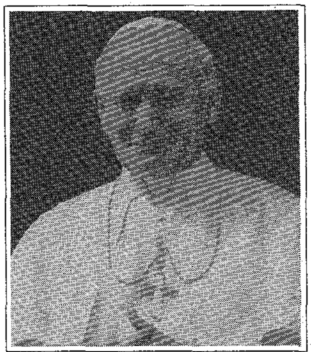
Irritating, too, is Mr. Toland's obsessive dislike for the often infuriating MacArthur, who is attacked not only for his political and intelligence failures, but for his strategic triumphs. Certainly SCAF in Tokyo should have foreseen the entry of the Chinese—and *not* thrown the Eighth Army and X Corps piecemeal into extreme peril. But it is, to say the least, ungraceful to attack MacArthur for the brilliantly successful Inchon landing because it was too daring and *should* have failed. Mr. Toland's near idolatry of Mao Chou En-lai is equally irritating. According to his account, which depends on the memoirs of General Peng Teh-huai, the Chinese commander in Korea, Mao directed virtually every movement of the "Volunteers"—brilliantly, of course. Mr. Toland apparently does not appreciate that Peng was writing to redeem himself after falling out with the Chairman.

As for Chou En-lai, what, pray tell, does it mean to say he came of a "Confucian family"? I assume Mr. Toland means Chou's was a scholarly or a cultivated family, since *every* family in China was Confucian when Chou En-lai was born.

Here and there, a strange naïveté colors the prose, which reads rather like *Boys' Life*. Moreover, one of the chief effects of the Korean War is hardly noted: the rise of Japan to economic predominance with all that entails.

Nonetheless, this is a memorable achievement. The forgotten war is no longer forgotten, if it ever was. ☐

POWER TO DESIGN THE FUTURE



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NATIONAL REVIEW, January 22, 1990
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In the Ring

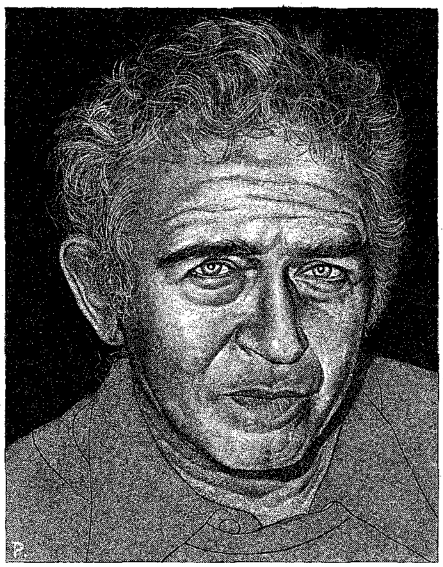
RICHARD RYAN

***Harlot's Ghost*, by Norman Mailer (Random House, 1,335 pp., $35)**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, in his arresting "Cautious Man," tells the story of a man with two words tattooed on his hands: "Love" on the right, "Fear" on the left. Such an allegory of sundered human nature supports the bulk of Norman Mailer's massive yet incomplete *Harlot's Ghost*. It is an appropriate theme for a work with equal divisions of brilliance and inanity competing for its soul.

Harlot's Ghost narrates the life of Herrick "Harry" Hubbard, a second-generation career CIA officer who, as the novel opens, is ensconced, circa 1983, in a WASP's idea of Valhalla—semi-retirement at a family home on the Maine coast, with a blue-blooded wife upstairs and a hot-blooded mistress in town. Harry's life of sedate deterioration is disrupted one night when news comes from Washington that his godfather and professional rabbi, Hugh Montague (*nom de guerre*, Harlot), has turned up in Chesapeake Bay with his face blown off—an apparent suicide. (Intelligence buffs will recognize the enigmatic death of CIA analyst John Arthur Paisley as the basis for this incident.) Harlot, the high-priest of American counterintelligence for three decades, is now suspected of having been a Soviet agent all along, and of having faked his own death in order to exit stage far left.

It also emerges that Harry's wife, Kittredge, was previously married to the much-older Harlot. Kittredge and Harry's marriage, founded on betrayal, comes apart as the lady of the house reveals to her unraveling husband that she has been dallying with his old comrade and rival, Dix Butler. (Butler, a sort of shaman of focused violence and criminal elan, emerges as one of the book's more interesting characters. Mailer has modeled him on Edwin Wilson, the renegade CIA agent who sold arms to Qaddafi and later tried to arrange the assassination of his wife and a U.S. prosecutor.) Kittredge disappears and Harry goes underground, hiding first in New York, and finally fleeing to Moscow in hopes of finding Harlot. Sitting in Moscow's Hotel Metropol, he views on microfilm the secret memoirs of his early career, following himself and his fellow characters through the digging of the Berlin Tunnel, the Bay of Pigs, the plot to kill Castro, and the Kennedy assassination. Allen Dulles, E. Howard Hunt, and a variety of covert personae fill up the lengthening manuscript, and are often divertingly drawn. Nevertheless, given Mailer's metaphysical slant, the novel's historical pretensions are less interesting than its Hawthornian concentration on infidelity and spiritual unrest. The novel's ostensible function as a fictionalized history of the CIA doesn't need (or stand) much scrutiny. The novel's flimsy connection to historical reality is actually one of its strengths: Mailer's interest in the perverse and secretive side of human psychology overrides his adolescent brand of leftist politics, and readers will not have to believe that the CIA engineered the Kennedy assassination or Watergate to find the book compelling.



Chang Park

The real drama of the novel revolves around Harry's deepening sense of the split personality inside all of us: not a good self versus a bad self, but, more to the point, a public self versus a secret self. Kittredge—Harry and Harlot's shared wife—has, in her demented career as a CIA psychologist, elaborated on these ideas in an effort to explain the mental dynamics that make it possible for agents to lead double lives. This sounds a bit like the ego/id breakdown, but as Kittredge insists (and Harry comes to believe) the "Alpha and Omega" are in fact complete personalities inhabiting one body. And although Mailer sometimes rides this horse a little too hard, it serves as a suggestive schema for the compartmentalized lives of the characters, who must defend freedom through cunning and treachery.

Because there are real ideas going off throughout its twisting plot, and despite its prolixity and aroma of existential hysteria, I found *Harlot's Ghost* frequently engaging; there's nothing like watching a sharp-edged eccentric tease his obsessions for flashes of satori. Still, not all readers will be equally amused. *Harlot's Ghost* is unquestionably a post-modern work, with all of that movement's distinctive hallmarks of textual playfulness—nested manuscripts, blended literary genres, the juggling of historical fact and wild imagination. This sort of knowing artfulness will not command every serious reader's attention: post-modern writing, with all its quirks and affectations, rarely compels assent. And yet it may someday be agreed that this was an impressive contribution to the vaults of *fin-de-millenaire* literature: I think readers will find more wisdom in Mailer's dualist psychology than in, say, Pynchon's spectacular but frivolous paranoia.

Harlot's Ghost could without a doubt have been more polished. Mailer's famous over-writing lapses at times into sophomoric symbolism: the ghost of an old pirate, Augustus Farr, lives in the basement of Harry's Maine home, radiating bad vibes and standing in as the subliminal saint of bloodthirsty imperialism; a hermaphroditic Uruguayan prostitute wanders through the South American section of the book like a flashing neon sign, advertising our treacherous and ambivalent sexuality. Mailer also leaves us lusting for a sympathetic, three-dimensional female character: Kittredge amounts to little more than an annoying Ophelia-retread, a madwoman babbling psychedelic epigrams; and Modene Murphy—the Judith Exner walk-on who slinks through the Cuban chapters—is, despite Mailer's

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Mr. Ryan writes frequently about art and culture for NR *and other journals..*

attempt to present her as a feminine archetype, a standard three-martini tart.

Nevertheless, despite weaknesses that would ruin a less powerful novelist, Norman Mailer keeps on banging ham-handedly away at his grand creation. Indeed, I felt that I was watching George Foreman, great of girth and slow of foot, but still a knockout puncher, slog his way through 12 heavyweight rounds. Many of Mailer's flailing punches miss, but when he connects, the ground shudders.

Two decades of covert history await Harry, Harlot & Co.—with Vietnam, the Phoenix program, Watergate, and perhaps even the Iran-Contra scandal still to come. Can Mailer send his characters through these tortuous turns and come to a conclusion more challenging than a vapid theory that the American establishment is involved in some grand conspiracy? Will he formulate some splendid cipher to encode the uniquely American pact between secrecy and freedom, liberation and violence? *Harlot's Ghost* will certainly be continued: the question is, Can it be resolved? □

FILM

Loose Women and Shaggy Dogs

JOHN SIMON

THE AMERICAN cinema today is a cheerless place for anyone seeking quality. When the products are not obvious children's movies, they are children's movies disguised by super-budgets, with Arnold Schwarzenegger saving the future or Kevin Costner redeeming the past. Or else they are sappy and sickening, like Mary Agnes Donoghue's *Paradise*, or worse, the mindless attitudinizing of the Cannes Grand Prize winner, *Barton Fink*, by the Coen brothers, those scavengers and refurbishers of other people's offal, which they serve up as art.

On such a scene, it is inspiriting to welcome even an imperfect yet in many ways alive and pulsating little film such as ***Rambling Rose***, which Martha Coolidge has made from Calder Willingham's script based on his own novella. The book, I suspect, may be tougher, but even the screenplay contains enough elements of Southern Gothic, that bone-deep quaintness that can amuse, unnerve, charm, and, finally, bemuse.

This is the story of Rose, an exotic-looking young woman who arrives as servant to a Deep Southern family from an even Deeper South, where she seems to have gotten knee-deep into trouble with men. For her employers, the kindly Hillyers, she resolves to be on her very best behavior, which proves just sufficient to throw the entire family, if not the whole town, into first-class dithers. Well, the younger Hillyer children, Waskie and Doll Baby, can handle it, with only intermittent outbursts of voyeuristic glee. But Daddy, a once impoverished fellow who married a rich woman working on a nebulous master's degree for Columbia University, and who now runs the hotel her family left her, can barely cope with it, narrowly escaping the girl's prompt and thorough infatuation with him. The worst thing he can call Rose, however, is the touchingly off-center "nincompoop."

Mother, who is hard of hearing and soft of heart (she disconnects her hearing aid whenever she is working on her thesis and, as Daddy puts it, "lost in the fourth dimension"), is Rose's staunch supporter, and will hear nothing, which is easy enough for her, and see *nothing, which is difficult for any*one, against the girl. She prevents Daddy from firing Rose even when the bushes around the house fill up with pining suitors or satiated ones whose postcoital fun has been cut short when their noises awakened the household and they had to leap out of her window naked as jaybirds, as the charmingly illogical Southern phrase has it.

Most keenly affected by Rose's presence, though, is Buddy, the 13-year-old eldest Hillyer kid, possessed of considerable, mostly lurid imagination, precocious smarts, and a cruel streak—clearly an authorial alter ego. His burgeoning sexual appetites are partially indulged by Rose, who, how-

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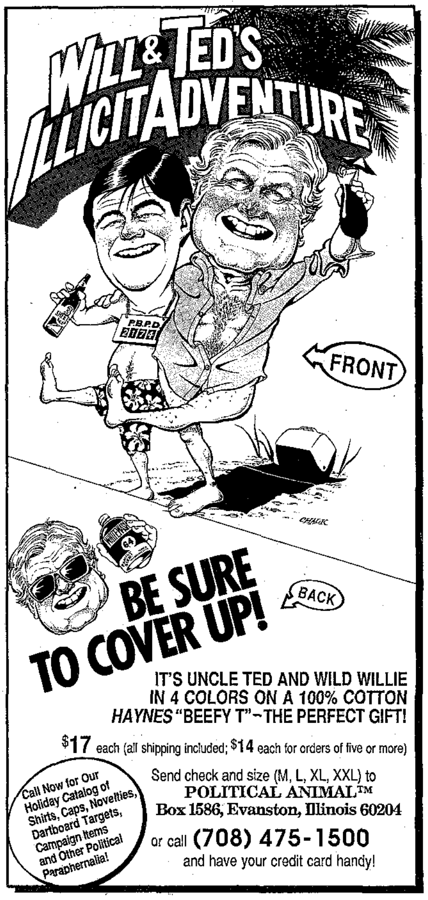
Mr. Simon, NR's *film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*



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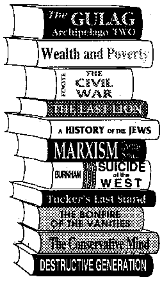

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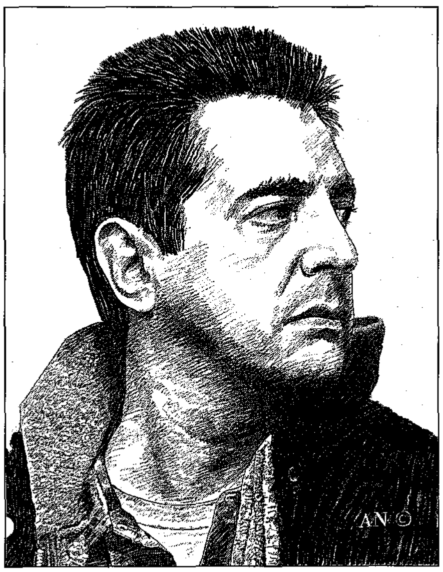
ever, saves her body for the town's eligible blades, and her heart for the elusive Mr. Right, whom she seeks by trial and not unpleasurable error. Daddy (Robert Duvall), Buddy (Lukas Haas), and especially Mother (Diane Ladd) are so well and controlledly acted that the comedy spins like a top with—in defiance of physical laws—increasing rather than diminishing energy. As a Yankee doctor, Kevin Conway contributes a wholly exaggerated performance, but even that does not dampen the centrifugal fun.

What does impair the film is a totally inept prologue and epilogue, in which the now grown-up Buddy, played with insufferable smarminess by John Heard (once a good actor), comes back to visit his widowed Daddy to find out also what has become of Rose. These sequences are highly unconvincing, with even Duvall's performance thrown off by the corny writing and direction. Too bad that Miss Coolidge allowed her otherwise winning film to lose its grip and go as limp as a dying limpet.

Johnny E. Jensen's cinematography tries too hard to look sun-burnished and earth-saturated: all those ambers and ochers get to be a bit unrelenting. Although conventional, Elmer Bernstein's score is apposite enough. But what might have been the film's biggest problem proves no sweat. The rather beanpole and hatchet-faced Laura Dern—proclaimed a beauty by tasteless reviewers possibly further blinded by her genealogy—is not one to make a population's gonads go hogwild. But she manages a good accent, gets into the spirit of things, and, with her not overgenerous thespian endowment nevertheless falling into the required slot, carries off the central role more than acceptably.

■ David Mamet's ego has for some time now been boundless; with his latest, ***Homicide***, it miraculously manages to get bigger. Mamet's third written-and-directed cinematic opus is an attempt to crossbreed the *policier* or *film noir* (blacks are numerous in it) with a study of anti-Semitism in the Chicago Police Department (and beyond), and how it affects Bobby Gold, a tough cop who has abdicated his Jewishness in the pursuit of acceptance by the force—traded, as it were, the star of David for the shield of the PD.

Bobby, like his partner, Tim Sullivan, is maniacally eager to bring in Randolph, a black drug pusher and killer, when, in a meeting, a black superior berates him and calls him a kike, whereupon the loyal Tim hurls commensurate racial slurs back at the superior. Bringing in Randolph now becomes even more a point of honor and obsession. But Bobby gets accidentally sucked into another case, the murder of an old Jewish woman who runs a pawnbroker's shop in a sleazy part of town. It turns out that the victim belonged to a rich and powerful Jewish family, and had been, on top of that, part of a gun-running operation for the Jews of Palestine in 1946. Her family, revealed as belonging to an even more powerful and mysterious organization, wants to keep Gold, a rare Jewish cop on an Irish-tinged police force, on the job, which Bobby, who at first doesn't even believe in the alleged greater implications of the case, bitterly resents. He wants Randolph.



Alan Nahigian

But as the family and other Jews play on his racial conscience, and as the ramifications do prove greater, Bobby becomes absorbed in the no longer piddling case and ends up neglecting the key role he is supposed to play in the capture of Randolph, with disastrous consequences for his partner. By trying to save his soul, Bobby ends up losing it. This is a rather grand, cosmically cynical proposition, which the trivial story, for all its posturing, cannot begin to sustain.

Moreover, Mamet purports to be in the know about recondite things without knowing what he is talking about. Thus a great deal is made of the title Gröfaz, which the film presents as one of Hitler's honorifics, under which name Adolf is shown on a recruiting poster. This acronym for *Grösster Führer aller Zeiten* (Greatest Leader of all Time) is here surrounded by much solemn mumbo-jumbo, even though Gröfaz was actually a term of derision, used sneeringly by Jews and other anti-Nazis. The film, by the way, skips the umlaut on the O, enabling Mamet to end the story with a cheap play on words, which he evidently perceives as an anticlimax fraught with shuddering significance.

More absurd yet is the Jewish secret society that Mamet introduces into the movie: a militant group that keeps changing its hiding place; meant to be both noble and menacing, it emerges faintly ludicrous. As a German colleague observed, this is the heroic version of the ghoulish Elders of Zion, long the most venomous and widespread fabrication of rabid anti-Semitism, here elevated in much the same manner as Gröfaz. There are also minor absurdities, such as Bobby's inability to get his torn holster repaired or replaced, and his repeated dropping and eventual loss of his gun in the midst of a life-threatening crisis.

Furthermore, Mamet's directorial style displays a certain exaggeration of police procedure, a romantic heightening of explosiveness that does not look entirely unlike a game of cops and robbers played by bigger, wealthier, and better outfitted children. On the other hand, Mamet does know how to evoke a both jocular and overheated station-house atmosphere, and does hire an able cinematographer such as Roger Deakins to get just the right hues and shadings, as well as the savvy composer Aleric Jans for the proper, sparing amount of music. And, as usual, he obtains impressive performances from his entire cast, with Joe Mantegna a magnificent, finely textured Bobby, his every emotional nuance subtly registered without interrupting the sweep of the performance.

But I am getting ever wearier of Mamet's trademark, the stylized dialogue halfway between a profane litany and a bad case of echolalia. In the end, the film falls completely apart as loose ends and shaggy dogs, predominate, with cause and effect, seemingly embroiled in an acrimonious divorce, definitively parting company. □

DELECTATIONS

Russian Food

LINDA BRIDGES

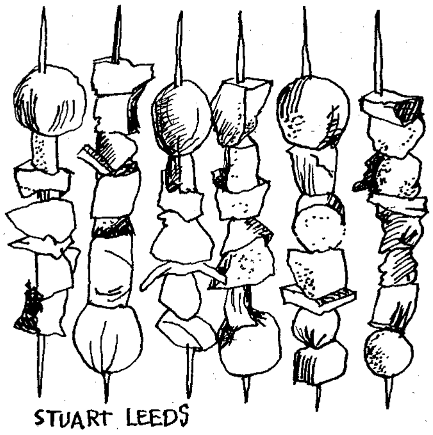
MAY I ask what you thought of first when you saw the title of this piece? Was it rotten meat and inedible sausage, with people standing in endless lines to obtain these delicacies? Or was it mounds of caviar and free-flowing vodka, with exuberant guests flinging their glasses into the fireplace? During those tumultuous days in August, once it was clear that Boris Yeltsin had faced down the coup, the thought occurred that along with a revival of freedom, Russians and all their captive peoples might also recover the joys of hospitality.

We all know that in czarist times the merchant class and the aristocracy were the only ones who got much of the caviar and vodka. But whereas Communism's idea of equality was forcing everyone (except the *nomenklatura*) to eat like serfs, part of the new leaders' task will be to bring about a Russia in which ordinary people have a chance to eat like princes.

Nineteenth-century Russian literature is full of the sorts of food most living Russians have only dreamed of: groaning *zakuska* tables; blini with butter, sour cream, and caviar; meat and fish dishes ingeniously contrived to satisfy the Russian taste for *trompe-l'oeil*; artful, Frenchified desserts.

Russian food was never strong on vegetables, except mushrooms—and mushrooms are not merely a food but a passion. Vladimir Nabokov describes his mother's picking mushroom at their country estate:

> One of her greatest pleasures in summer was the very Russian sport of *hodit' po gribï* (looking for mushrooms). . . . all she picked were species belonging to the edible section of the genus *Boletus* (tawny *edulis*, brown *scaber*, red *aurantiacus*, and a few close allies). . . . Rainy weather would bring out these beautiful plants in profusion under the firs, birches, and aspens in our park, especially in its older part . . . Its shady recesses would then harbor that special boletic reek which makes a Russian's nostrils dilate—a dark, dank, satisfying blend of damp moss, rich earth, rotting leaves.



This is a love that Russians carry with them wherever they go. Anya von Bremzen, in the good new cookbook *Please to the Table*, writes of two Russian diplomats in England:

> These fellows went into the countryside on a mushroom-picking expedition (a must for every homesick Russian) and were promptly arrested for trespassing. When the country policeman actually realized what they were doing, however, he became so concerned for their health . . . that he dropped all charges and insisted that they call an emergency number in case of poisoning. The diplomats had a good laugh with their friends later that evening over an exquisite mushroom dinner back in London.

The mushrooms thus gathered can be used in any number of ways; the one Nabokov mentions ("fried in butter and thickened with sour cream"), known as mushrooms *smitane*, is one of the simplest and best.

But equally typical in their own way are the *zakuski*—appetizers of all sorts. (Traditionally guests stand around the buffet table. However, Miss von Bremzen reports that recent émigrés almost always sit: they have spent too much time standing in lines ever to stand when it isn't necessary.) The Russian Tea Room in New York used to serve, for after-theater supper, a glorious *zakuska* platter. It always included two or three kinds of fish (pickled herring, matjes herring, smoked salmon); one or two smoked meats (tongue, ham); a square of jellied calf's foot; eggplant orientale (the one offering I didn't like); and always a nice scoop of chopped chicken liver and another of red caviar. None of these items—with the possible exception of the eggplant and the calf's foot (and that's not so very different in flavor and texture from headcheese)—is a stranger to the American table. The genius lies in the profusion.

An American who studied at Moscow University during the Khrushchev Thaw recalls the order of meals there: soup for breakfast, soup for lunch, soup for dinner. At breakfast and dinner, the only cutlery was a spoon, but at lunch the students got a fork as well. That is because at lunch there was a hunk of meat in the soup. Fortunately that experience did not put him off real Russian soups, of which the queen is *borshch*. *Borshch* (which is of Ukrainian, and not Russian, origin) can be made with pork, beef, goose, duck—there are as many variations as there are cooks. The one essential is beets (the name comes from an Old Slavonic word, *brsh*, meaning beet). And with the *borshch* comes a *pirozhok*, a turnover filled with meat or fish or cabbage or—of course—mushrooms. *Pirozhki* have also served as a high-class fast food; when NATIONAL REVIEW visited Russia in the middle Brezhnev period, Moscow and (as it was then) Leningrad were dotted with *pirozhkovaye*, informal restaurants serving many varieties of *pirozhok* and glasses of tea. Although McDonald's deserves much praise for its entrepreneurship, I hope it doesn't drive these establishments out of business.

The French sent many chefs to Rus-

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sia in the nineteenth century—above all Carême, who created the *charlotte Russe* while working for Czar Alexander I—but they did not bring many dishes back. *Blini* are an exception—although the refined French version is a far cry from the substantial buckwheat cake the Russians load with butter and sour cream and all manner of caviar and smoked fish. This is one of the most sumptuous dishes in any cuisine, but it is not at all an invention of the Imperial Court. It was for centuries the centerpiece of the traditional Butter Festival, the Russian equivalent of Carnival.

There are many fine simple meat dishes in Russian cookery, most of them borrowed in good imperial fashion (just as much Austrian cooking is originally Hungarian or Czech) from the southern climes, especially the Caucasus. But the ones that are thought of as distinctively Russian often have a twist to them, a sort of culinary joke. Thus chicken Kiev, properly made, leaves part of the wing bone attached to the chicken breast, so as to mimic a drumstick. (Nika Hazelton, in *The Russian Tea Room Cookbook*, gives beautifully detailed instructions for this complicated procedure.) In *cotelettes pozharsky*, ground chicken or other meat is shaped and cooked like a veal chop. And there is a whole range of pies—given different names according to whether they contain salmon or chicken or beef—which conceal their meat within layers of rice and hard-boiled eggs and, yes, mushrooms.

In *The Russian Tea Room Cookbook*, Faith Stewart-Gordon, the restaurant's owner, quotes an American visiting Moscow in the early Brezhnev period who was starving for a good Russian meal. Then one day he heard two American women exclaiming about a place where the blini were superb, the chicken Kiev was divine . . . Unable to restrain himself, he interrupted to ask the name of this paragon. Oh, said one of the women, we were talking about the Russian Tea Room.

A sign of hope for the tremendously difficult Russian recovery is that travelers returning from Moscow in the last few months have sung the praises of Kropotkinskaya 36 and Stanislavskovo 2, instead of rushing to 57th Street for their first good Russian meal since they left home. ☐

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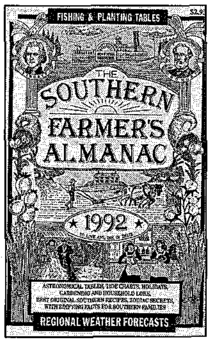
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(Continued from page 46)

dertake a thorough re-evaluation of its world view, but rather to attempt a series of public-relations maneuvers designed to camouflage the persisting sway of the mindset of disengagement.

Another institution to have suffered from the collapse of the cold war consensus is mainline Protestantism. Not only did the churches' attitude toward Communism involve questions of fundamental morality, there was the additional issue of the Communist persecution of Christians, both in Eastern Europe and in Third World countries which the mainline denominations looked on as paragons of social virtue. Yet as their co-religionists were being tormented, church leaders were busily meeting with compromised, regime-sanctioned church officials or formulating manifestos laying blame for the world's ills squarely at America's door. These actions did not go unnoticed by those who suffered under Communist oppression, and who now regard the American Protestant leadership with disdain.

Political-science scholarship suffered from its difficulty in regarding Communist societies as totalitarian. It is little wonder that Sovietologists failed to anticipate Communism's demise given their assumption that the Soviet Union and even the Eastern European regimes had achieved political stability and were developing social institutions which were increasingly resembling their counterparts in the democracies. The corruption of academic standards was notably pronounced in the study of Third World radical societies, which came to be dominated by ideologically "engaged" scholars who saw totalitarian institutions as the engine of economic advancement and, yes, as a stimulus to democratic participation. But Sovietology did not escape unscathed. Scholars who persisted in stressing the Communist use of terror or more subtle instruments of control were often looked on as cold-war relics; young scholars were more prone to examine Soviet day-care policies than the repression of religious believers.

Finally, there was serious damage done to the idea of integrity in political debate. It could at least be said that the early Western enthusiasts for Bolshevism did honestly believe in the utopian potential of Communism and were unaware of the criminal nature of the system.

The current generation, by contrast, cannot claim ignorance of Stalin's murders. They knew the truth, and yet were willing to manipulate facts, contrive excuses, and even lie in order to move America toward a more "reasonable" posture. Perhaps the most lamentable result was the serious internal division over the need to respond to Communist advances. As certain revolutionary leaders have testified, Communist gains in the Third World were directly influenced by a perception of internal division and waning will in post-Vietnam America. Those who contributed to the country's self-doubt also contributed to the victory of Third World Stalinism—systems whose major achievement was not "development," but killing, mass exile, poverty, and civil war.

As to the future, it is to be hoped that the more moderate critics of the cold war will again play a constructive part in the debate over America's role in the world. It must be noted that the predominance of anti-Yeltsin views suggests little cause for optimism.

Those of a more radical stripe will no doubt seek out new causes and new utopias. Environmentalism holds an obvious appeal for those drawn to utopias; the realization of the radical environmental agenda would entail a degree of totalitarian regimentation that would compare well with what went on in Hoxha's Albania. But a truly mass movement devoted to radical ecology is not likely to materialize. Environmental controls inevitably collide with the public's economic well-being, a fact which will always limit the movement's mass popularity.

For the moment, then, the Left is likely to focus its energies on the Balkanization of America along lines of race and gender. And, of course, the struggles for multiculturalism, political correctness, diversity, and the like carry the potential for doing further damage to some of America's key institutions—its schools, its universities, and its once-great cities, not to mention the crucial, overriding idea of a common culture. For many, the war against the cold war was less about supporting Communism than about weakening America. We can soon expect the Left to bring that struggle back home. □

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 F	2 L	3 A	4 M	5 B	■	6 I	7 P	8 V	9 G	10 K	■	11 T	12 H	■	13 D	14 Q	■	15 C	16 L	17 E
18 M	19 J	20 I	21 S	22 V	23 F	24 H	■	25 P	26 U	■	27 O	28 C	29 G	30 R	■	31 P	32 D	■	33 Q	34 T
■	35 A	36 J	37 O	38 U	39 I	■	40 C	41 F	42 L	43 J	44 M	45 V	46 E	47 S	■	48 O	49 I	50 G	51 K	52 C
53 L	54 U	■	55 F	56 D	57 J	58 H	59 E	60 M	■	61 B	62 G	63 O	■	64 S	65 N	66 K	■	67 I	68 F	69 B
■	70 G	71 M	72 D	73 J	74 I	75 V	76 N	77 B	■	78 M	79 F	■	80 E	81 T	82 R	83 G	84 V	85 P	86 M	■
87 K	88 S	■	89 L	90 G	91 A	92 U	93 D	94 J	95 B	96 V	97 M	98 P	■	99 C	100B	101D	102Q	103J	104H	105A
106E	107V	108O	■	109C	110L	111I	112A	113V	114B	115D	116Q	■	117O	118N	■	119H	120B	121T	122I	123A
124S	125F	126M	■	127D	128F	129C	130E	131A	132V	133R	134L	135H	136K	137B	■	138M	139L	■	140V	141L
142E	143A	144T	■	145U	146T	147O	148A	149G	■	150P	151J	152F	■	153P	154A	155L	156N	157K	■	158P
159A	■	160M	161Q	162C	163P	164U	■	165H	166B	167D	168Q	■	169J	170O	■	171C	172P	173R	■	174S
175G	176E	177C	178L	■	179C	180N	181B	182T	183K	184F	185P	186U	187G	188Q	■	■	■	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A.	Member of the CSA	105 131 143 154 112 159 91 3 123 35 148
B.	Obscenities	166 77 95 100 61 69 181 120 114 5 137
C.	Variety of Christian	179 52 109 129 28 99 40 162 171 15 177
D.	African tribe	56 32 167 101 93 13 127 72 115
E.	Heavyset breed of terrier	142 59 130 106 17 176 80 46
F.	ETO chief	152 41 55 128 79 68 23 1 125 184
G.	Less than spectacular	149 62 187 83 29 90 70 50 175 9
H.	Engaging	165 135 24 12 119 58 104
I.	Position	20 111 67 49 6 122 74 39
J.	Deck furniture (2 words)	103 169 73 94 19 151 57 43 36
K.	Father of Apostles James and John	51 183 87 157 66 10 136
L.	Siren	141 42 110 2 53 16 139 134 178 89 155
M.	The providential state	60 71 78 160 86 18 44 4 138 97 126
N.	Hanging in the balance	156 118 76 180 65
O.	Like the clever idiot?!	63 117 170 27 37 108 147 48
P.	Used the yellow marker	172 158 98 25 163 153 85 7 150 185 31
Q.	View	188 116 161 33 168 14 102
R.	Ranger of note	30 133 82 173
S.	Fool's gold	174 88 47 124 21 64
T.	Literary genre	182 81 121 144 11 34 146
U.	Like the HUD secretary's messy office?	145 186 54 26 38 92 164
V.	Magician's area of expertise	140 8 113 96 132 84 45 22 75 107

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 59 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

8 Down, ? to Go

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9

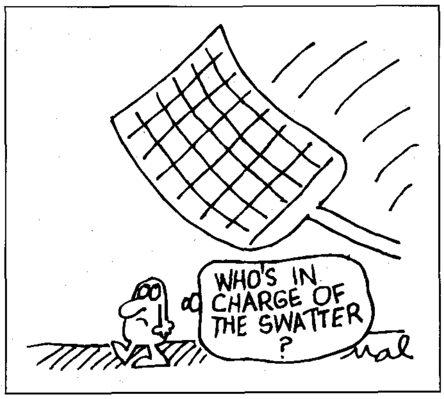
Liz's 8th was fittingly vulgar. The helicopters buzzed about, one parachutist tried to break in from the heavens above, and the wedding was hosted by Michael Jackson (details courtesy of Liz Smith) "formally attired in a dinner jacket, with a large diamond pin at his throat instead of black tie. He wore another diamond medal on his chest and bright silver boots." The father-of-the-bride who gave Liz away is almost thirty years junior to the bride, who stepped forward to marry the groom, twenty years her junior. He was in turn accompanied by his best man, hairdresser Jose Eber, "wearing his customary trademark straw hat, dyed black to match his tuxedo for the occasion." The chimpanzee that was to have brought in the wedding ring did not turn up. Bad chimpanzee! Did he have no sense of the occasion?

Liz was dressed in a $30,000 yellow floor-length Valentino, giving her one more wedding dress to add to her swelling collection. The guests were kept waiting (a Taylor trademark) and became very nearly mutinous at an odd sign of austerity in the bacchanalia, to wit the word that went quietly: No booze until after the ceremony. I mean, it was now 6:13! Can you imagine, 6:13 and no booze at a Hollywood extravaganza? You'd think Major Barbara had arrived by parachute with a squadron from the Salvation Army. But, finally, the bride and groom were together, and the officiator, "nondenominational Minister Marianne Williamson" began with, understandably, carefully selected words:

"Elizabeth is literally God's gift to you for your healing and her healing." One searches for the meaning here, but perhaps the reference is to Elizabeth's having met the construction worker at Betty Ford's clinic, where both were in for alcohol/drug treatment. The minister went on, "Elizabeth and Larry and you guests understand that so much of the illusion that is happening here right now has nothing to do with the meaning of this ceremony. We invite the power of God to enter us." I believe in an omnipotent God, and only for that reason believe He was able to penetrate the ceremony (if He were one shade less omnipotent, He would not have made it). Minister Williamson went on, "As you join together, from this point on nothing will be experienced alone." Nothing has ever been experienced alone by Elizabeth. "Through the grace of God we may love more deeply than we have ever loved before."

That is quite a challenge, for those who remember, e.g., Elizabeth's love for Mike Todd and for others here and there in the course of her nuptial parade. There are, to be sure, those who are skeptical about the uniqueness of Larry Fortensky. One guest, Stella Barraza, commented to the *New York Times'* Seth Mydans, "She is a legend and she's still around after all these years and she's still every bit as beautiful. But I don't really think this one is going to last. He's so much younger. It'll be No. 9 in no time at all, you watch." Mr. Fortensky is indeed only 39, and one has to conjecture that the love Elizabeth feels for him is biological, which raises the interesting question, Why was marriage necessary? They could have continued to keep house together, and saved the expense of the wedding, the innocent will speculate.

But you see, the wedding was a smash economic success. "Earnings from the access has been estimated in the press at millions of dollars," writes Mr. Mydans, referring, one supposes, among other sources of revenue to what *People* mag paid for photo exclusives. How the rest was raised we don't know. One assumes that Nancy Reagan and Gerald Ford weren't charged admission at the gate, but then . . . how? "Much of that money, the reports say, is to be donated to AIDS research, a cause to which Miss Taylor has devoted considerable effort." Miss Taylor might have done more for AIDS if she had taken greater pains to obscure her lifestyle. After all, AIDS is communicated primarily by self-indulgence, and Elizabeth hasn't left any fingerprint in the annals of self-denial.


WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THE SWATTER ?
Mal

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There is something that repels about using hallowed ceremonies as a kind of cookie-cutting assembly line for serial marriage. It is one thing when a couple discovers a deep incompatibility, and sets out again, even a third time, in search of a happy life. Elizabeth Taylor has been the model of self-indulgence. Her latest, to someone manifestly incongruous in age and background, is one more log added to the bonfire of cynicism. Perhaps I feel especially on the subject given that she and I were first married on the same day, in 1950. ☐

Mr. Bush's Master Stroke

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30

One is presumptively skeptical about Great Theater coming from the White House having to do with such questions as the national security. As a rule it's better to inch up on such matters as unilateral disarmament, but the case for the initiatives of Mr. Bush is somewhere between plausible and compelling.

The closest estimate I have seen of the power of the Soviet Union's strategic arsenal is: four hundred million times the power of the bomb that went off over Hiroshima. But just as, soon after nuclear firepower became redundant in terms of its capacity to devastate, the question became less what the enemy could do than what the enemy intended to do, it is so now. The leaders of the Soviet Union are not going to start an aggressive international nuclear war. Were they to do so, we would even under Mr. Bush's plan have at our disposal more than enough to make our own death rattle so to speak contagious. As for the matter of preparedness, we have reason to be comforted by the general who said that our bomber fleet could be put back on the Alert system in exactly 24 hours. In terms of the game of nations, it is safe to say that we are, at this point, safe.

The most important element in Mr. Bush's speech is his hearty endorsement of the Star Wars project, for which he seeks $5 billion, probably enough to revive the sleepy little thing. This is true foresight, because the interval between now and when an estimated 25 countries will have a nuclear weapon is approximately six to ten years. And the interval between now and when we might have an atmospheric defense system capable of knocking out the incidental missile is—about six to ten years.

An interesting question was dropped by President Bush, and its reception by the Soviet Union will be a key to whether mature military strategic thought is going on there.

The Iraqs of this world will have nuclear weapons in five to ten years, but probably not delivery systems that can span the ocean until much later. This means that the immediate profit from a developed Star Wars program will be for those countries that might be targets of intermediate-range missiles fired from such as Iraq, Iran, and Libya. The Soviet Union is within that range.

Now, the Soviet Union has been strident over the years in insisting that the ABM Treaty of 1972 excludes the kind of testing in the atmosphere that might advance the Star Wars idea. President Bush has asked in effect for a modification of the treaty in order to develop the so-called "brilliant pebbles" anti-missile system. The Soviet answer to this tends to be a spastic, Don't touch. We are, of course, free to rescind the ABM Treaty upon giving six months' notice. We should have done this ten years ago. Former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger was in favor of rescission, but somehow President Reagan never got around to it, in part because it had become a kind of liberal sanctuary, to which disarmament fetishists made pilgrimages every few days.

But now the Soviet Union is facing reality. It is that there is zero strategic threat to its own survival. The United States poses less of a threat to the Soviet Union than Armenia does. And Moscow knows that to spend money to continue its mad course of military enlargement is quite simply pointless, and is done at the expense of what Russia most urgently needs, which is consumer production. On the other hand, the Soviet team, headed by Viktor Karpov, is reactively tough on any proposal to amend the 1972 treaty. Enter: Reality. Is it not likelier that the heartland of Russia might one day be menaced by a country less than 1,500 miles away, than by a country four thousand miles away?

Here at home we have some liberal senators who are skeptical about Star Wars as an act of faith. With them Mr. Bush needs to have a final showdown—if necessary, on Election Day 1992. He may need to surrender his B-2s in order to win this one, and even his new submarine. But it will be worth it. And support for such a system as could wind up protecting Russia from nuclear attack would be a wonderfully ironic and pleasant end to the cold war, in the twenty-first century. □

Hawking Your Books

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4

A common experience of book-writers is the request to go to a bookstore to autograph their books. Even people like Bill Cosby, whose book sold what, ten million copies? do it. What the author asks himself, when invited to such rituals, is several questions unmistakably commercial in character. I speak here for the non-narcissistic members of my profession, acknowledging that there are people who will go to any function that makes them the center of attention, even if it is only one corner of one floor in Macy's.

Let us say we are dealing with a $20 book. An established author is paid 15 per cent of the retail price, so quickly you calculate: If you sell one hundred books, you will have earned three hundred dollars. Not bad for one hour's work. On the other hand, you take into account the huff and puff of getting there and getting back, and remind yourself that it isn't like getting three hundred dollars for sitting at your desk and writing an op-ed piece ventilating one part of your grand vision for the world. It's a public appearance of a quite demanding kind, because it isn't as though you had a fixed audience out there of three hundred or a thousand to whom you recite your breviary. Each person who comes around is somehow different, and requires, somehow, a different response.

The easiest are, of course, the reserved, shy men and women. There is always an official standing by who puts the book in front of you, bared for your signature. If there are no accompanying instructions, you merely sign the book, smile at the purchaser, who picks it up and darts away.

At the other end of the scale is the purchaser who has written out a message he/she wishes you to inscribe on the book. I had one such in Dallas that sticks to the memory. Written on the note placed alongside the title page was, "Please inscribe to 'Dear Louise,' and write, 'I know that you will be a great success in college because you're most like your mother and grandmother.'" You do not permit yourself to groan out loud, and when such crises happen (remember, there are one hundred people waiting for their turn), you need an attendant who smilingly says to the friend and patron of Louise, "Sorry, that's too long. There is a big line out there," then turns to the author, having assumed responsibility for the truncated inscription, permitting him to write simply, "To Louise, Good luck in college."

Some authors simply decline to write any inscription of any kind. This is a regal habit. One never receives a picture of a monarch signed, "To my good friend Bill, Constantine Rex." It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that my friend John Kenneth Galbraith exercises a similar aloofness. He will write "J. K. Galbraith," period. On the other hand, his script is like John Hancock's, absolutely huge, so that in terms of linear exertion, the purchaser is getting as much from Galbraith as he would be getting from such as me if I had written in my little scribble, "For Alice Wonderland, Cordially, Wm. F. Buckley Jr."

I learned that the day before I was there, Ken Follett was at the store, signing his new book. He did something quite unpleasant, and in a way remarkable, because it must have taken him much more time to act out his unpleasantness than it would have taken to fulfill the request. Mr. Follett refused to sign any paperbacks. The implied message is quite plain: "I am not going to trouble to sign a book which yields me a royalty of only one dollar, instead of three dollars." My point is that in order to refuse the proffered paperback, you have to do or say something. The shortest, I suppose, is: "No paperbacks!" The purchaser looks up in shame, in sorrow, in exasperation, or in any combination of the above, and the Ken Follett in the situation needs to adjust his facial features in an appropriate way, to register determination, fatalism, perplexity, whatever. Moreover, the purchaser scorned, and all those who witness the exchange, will harbor a portrait of the hoity-toity author not a bit complimentary to the image he is probably there to affirm. The day after the incident in question the newspaper revealed that a publishing firm is paying an advance of over $12 million to Mr. Follett for his next two books. That should give any author the time to spare to sign the occasional paperback, and if you have that much in the bank, should you really care that you are getting only a buck? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

Bastard Means Hollywood Agent

LET US NOW praise insensitivity before it's too late. The old adage that sticks and stones may break our bones but words can never hurt us is not true. Words do hurt, and can therefore help in stanching what the New Euphemists call "a breakdown in the social order."

The Sensitivity Industry started with a 1941 movie, *Blossoms in the Dust*, starring Greer Garson as Edna Gladney, the Texas woman who campaigned to have the word *illegitimate* removed from birth certificates. The movie's message that the word *illegitimate* follows people through life is dramatized in the account of the character who commits suicide rather than produce her bar-sinistered birth certificate when applying for a marriage license with a man who does not know her origins. The climax comes when Miss Garson, before the Texas legislature, delivers her famous clincher line, "There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents!"

I first saw *Blossoms* at age six in Washington's Tivoli theater, then the jewel of a solid middle-class neighborhood and now an abandoned, rat-infested shell in a neighborhood where illegitimate births run rampant. When I saw the movie again recently, I decided Edna Gladney's good intentions had paved a good stretch of the road to hell that we are currently traveling.

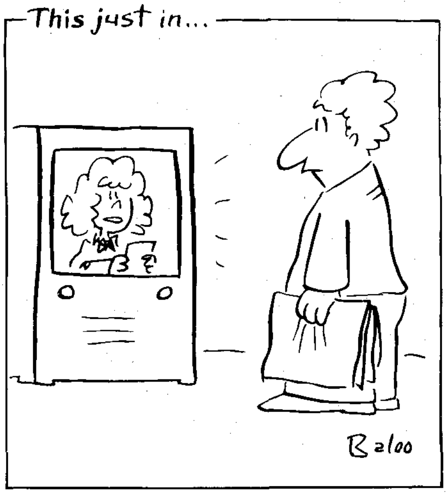
What the movie does not show are the unmarried girls of that supposedly unenlightened era who must have thought twice about having sex because they did not want to ruin the life of the child that might result. But because of Edna Gladney and our memories of the glamorous Greer Garson in the movie role, girls of my generation grew up saying earnestly, "I would *never* go all the way before I'm married, but *if* I did, and *if* I got pregnant, I would give the baby up for adoption so it could have a fresh start."

That sounds highly moral in our present age of abortion and "single parenting." But had we known that there was no such thing as a fresh start, and that *illegitimate* would be stamped on that baby's official papers forever, our pseudo-sophisticated earnestness would have died a-borning.

"Social pressure" has lately acquired a bad name and been blamed for the epidemics now plaguing us, but we had better start giving it a good name soon because in an unlimited democracy dominated by mass media, the law of social pressure is the only law that people can be counted on to obey.

Edna Gladney has done her questionable work. *Bastard* now means "Hollywood agent" and there is no going back, but insensitivity is not dead. We can still cramp a few destructive styles with some choice colloquialisms that were mothballed in the compassionate Sixties.

For starters we could make *drunk* a noun again and call drug addicts *dope fiends*. Next, stop talking about "significant others" and "relationships" and start talking about *shacking up*. If we use this richly descriptive phrase often enough, the other-directed will be loath to live together without benefit of clergy. When that happens, we can re-educate them to the mature and sophisticated pleasures of the discreet affair, defined as: "When somebody goes home afterward."



"In a surprise decision today, the Food and Drug Administration banned Roseanne.*"*

The retraining of silver-haired politicians and CEOs who divorce their life companions to take second or "trophy" wives can be achieved by reviving the kind of jokes that the Sensitivity Industry calls "mean-spirited." Jocular references to "the foolish age" used to discourage many older men from acting out their fantasies lest they end up in a punchline. But now, smarmy compassion has joined forces with pseudo-science to produce solemn pronouncements like "self-realization" and "mid-life crisis" that give such men a perfect excuse to jump the fence. The solution, therefore, is to start telling the one about the old goat and the spring chicken.

'PUTTING people down" is now the deadliest of sins but the practice has always kept society functioning in a reasonably civilized way. For years the traveling-salesman joke protected unescorted women from unwelcome attentions because the traveling salesman was such a famous symbol of crudeness that any woman could get rid of any man merely by calling him one. Nowadays he's a "sales executive," which only encourages him.

The iceman joke saved bored housewives from themselves. The punchline scene of the husband coming home and finding a block of melting ice on the kitchen floor was so firmly embedded in the national psyche that people dreaded getting involved in an afternoon amour: the human spirit recoils from the idea of turning into a cliché. Today such a comedy of errors is given the humorless name of "encounter" and credited with saving marriages.

"Social pressure" itself is a euphemism; its real name is *shame*. Current levels of social chaos suggest that nothing but a revival of merciless mockery will turn the tide. Compassionate liberals who declared war on putdowns should look around at the cesspool that has resulted from our refusal to judge people harshly and reflect on the wise words of George Orwell: "Jokes about nagging wives and tyrannous mothers-in-law . . . do at least imply a stable society in which marriage is indissoluble and family loyalties taken for granted."

—FLORENCE KING

Miss King is the author most recently of Lump It or Leave It.

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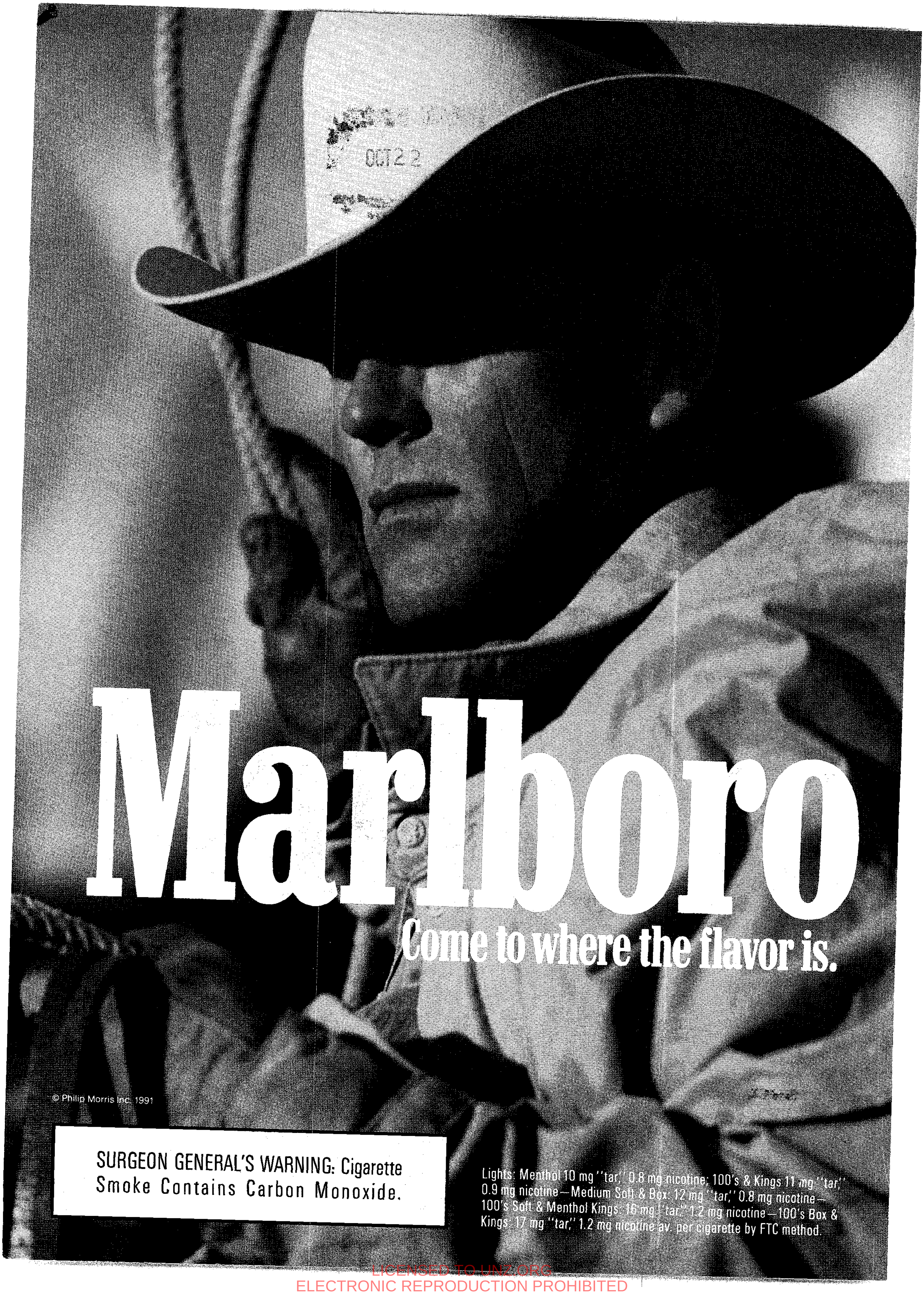
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